The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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DRESS.

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DOGS.

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Dog kennel wanted, must be in good condition and cheap.—Box 4996, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Rough-coated fox terrier for sale; 8 months old; in perfect condition, splendid house dog and ratter; must sell; 8s.—Box 4982, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

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5s. safety razor, complete in case, with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4804, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Smokers.—A Box of Cigars.—For 2d., in stamps, we will send you an ivory pattern cigarette holder and our generous offer of a box of choice 3d. cigars free.—Darwen Supply Co. (Dept. G), 19B, Charles Street, Bradford, Yorks.

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Latest Wonder.—18 tools in 1.—Scissors, cigar, wire, and glass cutters, penknife, nail file, screwdriver, erasing knife, cartridge extractor, ruler, sterescope, and others especially useful to the modern man. Convenient vest pocket size; splendid finish. Hundreds testimonials. Complete in leather case, 2s. 6d. post free. — Lewis and Co., 16, Thornley Street, West Hartlepool.

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10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D. — Gent.'s superior quality, £4 15s. tailor-made Indigo Blue Serge Jacket Suit by West-End tailor; smart, stylish cut and finish; 39in. breast, 36in. waist, 32in. leg; never worn; great bargain, 19s. 6d. Approval.

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29S. 6D.—Magnificent £8 8s. Double Breech-loader Gun, 12-bore, top lever, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire, perfect condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

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CHEEK.

A writer says that King George is a "blunt monarch." But there are those who know that he can be very cutting when he chooses.

* * *

Well-known People Who Ought to Open Branch Establishments.—No. 1: Sir Herbert Tree.

* * *

No, Cuthbert, that weekly paper headline, "Amongst the Hoppers," does not describe a night at a seaside lodging-house!

* * *

A grumbler who writes to a contemporary to complain of barbers who lather first and strop afterwards, thus allowing the soap to harden, gives an address in Half Moon Street. Possibly barbers may retort that a protracted residence there has made him half moony.

* * *

Regarding that article in a weekly paper about "University Settlements," several tailors and people from Oxford and Cambridge have written up to say that such a thing as a settlement is *very* rare at a University.

* * *

'WARE EAR-BITERS!

[A writer warns the public not to saunter in the Strand by reason of the many ingenious beggars there.]

Of London's Strand if you're a haunter,
Be warned in time and do not saunter;
For quicker still than you can look, you
Will meet some chap who'll come and rook you.

* * *

Popular Proverbs Revised.—No. 1: A horse is often taken to the water; but a man more often takes to drink.

* * *

The Hon. Victoria Sackville has a pet bear called Ivan the Terrible. After seeing some thousands of photos of him being fed, etc., by Victoria, we are really beginning to think he is!

* * *

A contemporary descants, in a scare-mongering article, on German "Thoroughness." The next thing the Germans are going to experience is a thorough draught.

* * *

FORCE.

[Despite considerable disparity of age, Colonel John Jacob Astor has married Miss Madeleine Force.—*Daily Paper.*]

When Mistress Force wed Colonel Astor,
He danced and sang and cheered the pastor,
A boy was he, though youth had gone;
For Force had made him Sunny John!

* * *

Mr. Granville Barker is producing a play called "Bonita." Quite appropriate, for no dramatic controversialist can pick a bone neater.

* * *

The perfect woman always belongs to another man.

J. S. COX.

LIGHTS ON THE ROAD.

Cyclists and motorists, for their own safety, give much consideration to their lamps, but the same cannot be said of those in charge of other vehicles.

It meets the requirements of the Act if a trap has a lamp on the off side and none on the near side. The careful driver, however, knows the advantage of having the second lamp lit, both for his own safety and comfort and that of other users of the road.

Those who travel by road at night must have come across that troublesome wayfarer, the itinerant organ grinder. These people go from one town to another, pushing or dragging after them piano-organs, and as they usually make their journeys by night, and carry no lamps, they are a source of danger to cyclists, motorists, and all other users of the highway.

BOARD SHIP SIGNALS.

An alarm of fire on board ship is sounded by ringing the ship's bell violently, the strokes being made in quick succession.

This must not be confused with the collision signal, which is made by ringing the bell in quick groups of three strokes at a time.

When a man goes overboard, the steam whistle is sounded in short blasts in quick succession.

When troops are on board ship, their movements are directed by bugle call.

The calls used on board ship are, however, different from those used on land.

Thus the sounding of the "charge" means "permission to smoke," while "lights out" means "leave off smoking."

Four G.'s on the bugle tell the sweepers to get to work, while if the four G.'s are followed by the "double," it is time for the swabbers to turn out and look sharp about it.

LEARNING A SPORT.

Few things are more conducive to the cure of vanity than is the learning of a sport with which you have hitherto not been acquainted.

Smart as you may flatter yourself to be at picking up most things, you find yourself a horrible duffer when it is a new sport that you are learning.

You listen attentively to the instructions of the man who is teaching you, and do your utmost to obey these instructions, but discover, to your disgust, that he has to repeat his directions again and again, for when you have got one part of a movement right, you seem inevitably to get the rest wrong.

The good teacher does not attempt to inculcate too many lessons at one time. He is content if his pupil learns one point at a time, and learns it thoroughly. Progress may be slower, but it is more certain.

It is when you try to force a man to learn too many things at one time that he gets them all mixed up, and, while he concentrates his mind upon one, forgets the other items.

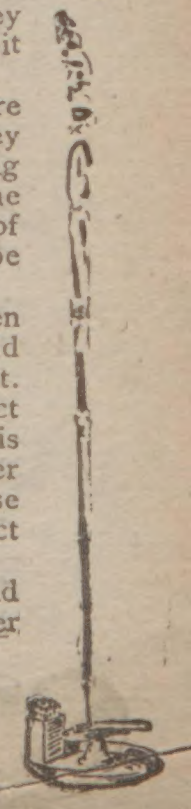
WORK AND SMOKING.

Many men say they cannot work unless they smoke. Some have other habits which they must indulge if they have to concentrate their thoughts, but the smoking habit is the strongest and the most prevalent.

Men who do a lot of brainwork and who are given to this smoking habit, sometimes find that they smoke a great deal too much. Moreover, smoking while the mind is fixed on other things, is to some extent wasted smoke, and that is a crime! The effects of too much smoking are always unpleasant and may be dangerous.

There is a way out of the difficulty which many men have tried and found successful. This is simply to hold the pipe or cigarette in the lips without lighting it. The mere fact that it is there often has the same effect as if it was alight, which seems to suggest that it is not so much the actual smoke that helps the worker as the fact that he has something which absorbs those of his thoughts which would otherwise stray and distract his attention from his work.

The plan is worth a good trial, for it has been found successful in many cases, especially where the worker is a cigarette smoker.



BRUTALITY IN BOXING

SHADY PROFESSIONAL METHODS THAT ARE ROTTING THE SPORT.

It is no use denying that in professional boxing contests—except those of the very highest class and under unimpeachable management—a lot of brutality is infused into the fighter's methods.

While we should be the last to encourage a molly-coddling spirit in boxing, we nevertheless maintain that boxing should be a sport and not a form of butchery.

If the brutality which we intend to show up in this article is to be allowed, why not openly go back to the methods of the old prize ring, and have done with the system of sham by which we insist on men wearing padded gloves and yet allow them to inflict by subterfuge just as bad injuries on one another as the old time stalwarts used to give and take openly in fair fighting?

SQUEEZING HIS OPPONENT'S RIBS.

Many spectators imagine in their innocence that clinching is simply a more or less harmless way of holding your man so as to keep him from hitting you, but far more serious injuries are inflicted almost invisibly in clinches than many people recognise.

Consider the state of the beaten man's ribs in a modern glove fight. Aren't they all red, and often horribly raw and bleeding?

The other man has done what is known as slipping between his adversary's arms, has clinched in a flash, and, while pretending to push his opponent away, has really taken hold of him on each side and given him a vicious squeeze with all his strength.

Get photographs of the recent fight in America between Ad. Wolgast, the American light-weight champion, and Owen Moran, the Birmingham boxer; and in more than one photo you will see the sort of thing I mean. Mark you, I'm not accusing the Britisher of doing it. On the contrary.

THE BRUTAL KIDNEY PUNCH.

Another brutal hit in boxing which ought to be declared illegal is the kidney-punch.

As most of us know, this is a hit delivered, preferably with the right hand, just over the kidneys. It is made with the underneath part of the side of the hand, which is used as if it were a sort of chopper.

Very few boxers, outside professionalism, can stand a hard kidney-punch. It sickens them so that in nine cases out of ten they fall to the floor. And even hard-trained professional pugilists can't stand a succession of these insidious hits. They know that they ruin the best-trained bodily organism just as surely and far more quickly than water will, by continual dropping, wear away a stone.

If you are ever having a row with a rough in a boxing district, take care he doesn't try an "ear-screw" on you.

It is a trick very much favoured by pugilistical hooligans, by reason of the pain it causes. It is performed by closing the right fist not in the ordinary way, but with the thumb held between the first and second fingers.

TEARING THE EAR.

Thus the bent forefinger is made into a kind of lever, and the rough leads out gently at the side of your head, catching you just under the ear with a quick, twisting motion, which in some way or other will frequently manage to tear your ear very badly. At any rate, the pain is acute for a long time after, and effectually weakens your resistance against his attack.

Finally, a trick that is often used by unscrupulous ring-fighters is to lead out gently, and flick up one or more of the other man's eyelashes. Thus his eyes start watering so badly as to blind him for a moment, when he probably is promptly knocked out.

R. A. WITHERINGTON.

GERMAN SPIES IN ENGLAND.

TWO CASES IN POINT.

It is not too much to say that for every German subject charged with espionage in the Courts of this country a hundred do their work unsuspected and uninterrupted. Here are two instances for which the writer can vouch as a hunting-man, they having come under his notice while following his chosen sport.

From 1906 for three seasons the mastership of the East Sussex Foxhounds was held by Mr. A. Neven du Mont, a German subject with a French-looking name, who was proprietor of the "Cologne Gazette," and an officer in the Landwehr (cavalry) of the Prussian Army.

Mr. Neven du Mont spent some £3,000 a year on the hounds, a great deal of money for the proprietor of a provincial newspaper to disburse upon a sport to which he was a stranger.

The East Sussex country includes that particularly vulnerable strip of coast-line stretching from Romney Marsh nearly to Eastbourne, and running some twenty miles inland.

THE PHILANTHROPIC GERMAN M F H.

During his mastership Mr. du Mont entertained at his residence, the Manor House, Bexhill, a succession of German cavalry officers, whom he mounted and took out hunting; not only with the East Sussex, but with the Bexhill Harriers, the Eastbourne and the Southdown Foxhounds, hunting adjacent parts of the coast.

In this way, during his three seasons, a large number of Prussian officers were enabled to learn accurately every topographical feature of the coast from Dungeness to Brighton, as only a hunting man can learn to know a country.

Every road, lane, field-path, covert, river, dyke, inn, farmstead in this wide district thus became familiar to them in a manner impossible to the ordinary spy. And apparently no suspicion was aroused locally, though why a newspaper proprietor, a German subject and a Prussian officer, who returned to Germany at the close of each season to do his term of military training, should be so philanthropic as to provide gratuitous sport for the followers of an English pack of foxhounds was never quite apparent.

"SUB-OFFICER" AS WAITER.

A second case came to the writer's notice when otter hunting in Norfolk in the summer of 1908. While I was staying at an hotel in a small town near Norwich, a motor-car stopped at the door, and three Germans alighted, and, entering the coffee-room, ordered lunch, and pending its preparation pulled out a large number of maps, which they spread over the table.

They spoke in German and addressed each other as Colonel, Captain, and Lieutenant. They summoned the German waiter, who stood to attention, and was addressed as a "sub-officer," and he supplied them with a lot of local information, which the lieutenant carefully noted on the ordnance maps in red ink.

I understand German, and, out of curiosity, I walked round the table and clumsily brushed one of the maps to the floor. As I picked it up apologetically I saw that it was covered with annotations in red ink, giving particulars of water supply, number of houses and amount of stabling in various villages, available fodder at farms, and so forth.

The ordinary unsuspicious Englishman might have thought they were only German tourists enquiring their way of a compatriot living in the district.

MAKING A BOLT FOR IT.

When, however, I spoke to the waiter in German, giving him the military rank by which he had been addressed by the motorists, they hastily gathered their maps, field-glasses, and compasses together and, with every appearance of alarm, got into their car and drove rapidly away, without waiting for the lunch they had ordered.

Readers of THE MODERN MAN can be of service to their country by keeping their eyes open for the movements of suspicious-looking foreigners, and, where they have any definite information as to their efforts to obtain military or naval information, by communicating it to the Intelligence Department at the War Office.

Young Germans who claim to have left their country in order to avoid military service, and who express opinions against their Kaiser, are usually officially employed in espionage, and take this method of disarming suspicion.

H. HOLMES.

A Substitute for Trade Unionism.

A SUGGESTION THAT WOULD INSURE THE SAFE-GUARDING OF ALL WORKERS' INTERESTS WITHOUT DISASTROUS STRIKES.

Last week I indicated the crumbling condition of the trade unions. I showed that, in spite of the large amount of space which the newspapers are devoting to the doings, or rather, to the sayings, of the Trade Union Congress, the power of these organisations is rapidly being undermined by the numbers of workmen who are leaving the movement.

I also promised to suggest this week a workable substitute for trade unionism.

Trade unionism has, in most cases, completed its useful work, and the more thoughtful of working men are dissociating themselves from the movement because its work is accomplished. Its further existence serves no useful purpose, but is, on the contrary, a danger to national trade and prosperity, for its leaders are for the most part visionaries suffering from the intoxication of a little power, and ready to urge their followers to courses which, though they may serve their own political ends, are of no concern to the workmen themselves.

LEGISLATION.

The substitute I would suggest for trade unionism is suitable legislation.

We are a self-governing people, and to that fact is due our comparative freedom from internal dissension. We elect Parliamentary representatives, into whose hands we place the power of ruling the country's destinies. It would be an impossible state of affairs if it were permitted to individuals, or to groups of individuals, to be a law unto themselves, and yet this is what the leaders of the trades' union movement have endeavoured to accomplish.

Our Government, whether it be Liberal or Conservative, or, as it may be in the near future, Labour or Socialistic, has the power of deciding what money shall be spent upon the building of warships and the provision of troops to defend our national interests. It has the power of forming laws for the suppression of crime. Why should it not also have the power of regulating all trade disputes? These, as conducted at present by the trade unions, are as disastrous to the nation's welfare as a war would be.

DELAY OF ROYAL COMMISSIONS.

The recent disastrous strikes cost the country millions of money even during the short time they lasted. Those who were in no way connected with the matters under dispute suffered heavy losses. The possibility of a repetition of such a state of affairs would be prevented by legislation, and the average citizen has a right to expect such protection.

No group of individuals, whether they be dock labourers, railway employees, or carmen, should have it in their power to interfere with the trade of the country, and thus to upset that calm and peaceful progress which it is the chief object of law and order to foster.

The Royal Commission which has been appointed to settle the dispute between the railway workers and the companies was appointed upon the distinct understanding that it should be unlike other Royal Commissions, in that it was to do its work very expeditiously. We have seen how it has failed in this respect. Its method of taking evidence has been slow and unsatisfactory. Most of the statements of the witnesses have been entirely irrelevant to the matter in hand, being chiefly the recital of personal grievances which the witnesses seized this opportunity of getting off their chests.

A FIXED MINIMUM WAGE.

When a newspaper desires to tap the opinion of any section of the community, it sends to representative people a brief telegram with a reply prepaid, and it gets the opinion of that section regarding the point at issue within a few hours. Such methods will, of course, never be adopted by Royal Commissions, which will remain slow, antiquated of method, and unsatisfactory to all parties except those to whom delay is profitable.

What is needed is a carefully thought-out Act of Parliament fixing for every trade a minimum wage which would be subject to revision every three years.

The liberty of the subject would in no wise be interfered with, for it would not be compulsory for men to work if they preferred to be idle.

Inadequate payment for labour would also be made impossible, for it would be illegal for the employer to pay his servant anything less than a certain fixed wage.

It would, of course, be only the minimum wage that would be fixed, for it is but right that the worker should be free to obtain more by extra ability. Any attempt to make wages equal all round is a bar to individual effort.

The system of revising the amount of wages every third year would do away with all need for strikes. If the cost of living increased, and a higher minimum wage was necessary, it would be altered accordingly. If, on the other hand, an industry declined in prosperity, so that it could no longer afford to pay the minimum wage fixed, that would also be revised.

STRIKES MADE ILLEGAL.

The need for strikes being thus removed, it would rightly be made a criminal offence for any man or any society to organise a strike.

It may be urged that the minimum wage fixed would not be sufficiently large to meet the desires of the workmen. That is a matter which lies entirely in their own hands. The working classes possess the majority of votes, and they can, therefore, elect Parliamentary representatives who will give voice to their ideas in the matter of wages.

The workman's power to fix his own wage would not be lessened but would be increased, for his representatives could make his desires law. But whatever changes were made from time to time would be made calmly and with deliberation, and industry would not be brought to a standstill as at present, neither would the interests of those not concerned with any matters in dispute be jeopardised.

DAVID COOPER.

GOOD SHOOTING BADGES.

THE SOLDIER'S REWARDS FOR MARKSMANSHIP.

Shooting being the most important duty of the soldier, and the subject which has, perhaps, most to do with the success or failure of an army in battle, it is not surprising that encouragement should be given to our soldiers to produce as high a standard of efficiency in this direction as possible.

One of these methods of encouragement, and perhaps the most fruitful one, is the award of good shooting badges.

Men of all ranks below that of warrant officer, who obtain a number of points in their annual musketry course equalling 73 per cent. of the highest possible total of points, are classified as marksmen.

A badge of gold wire crossed rifles is given to the marksmen, and it is worn on the left sleeve of the tunic, and a khaki set is worn on the service dress.

To the best shot in each company is awarded a similar badge, with the addition of a star between the two rifle barrels. This badge is very keenly contested for.

The four section commanders of the best shooting company are given a badge of crossed rifles and crown. The chance of winning this badge means, of course, increased efforts on the part of the section commanders to bring their men's firing up to the mark, and shooting is thus immensely improved.

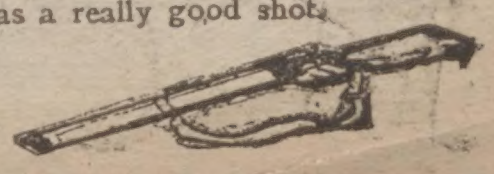
But the best of the whole bunch of badges are the two awarded to the best shot of sergeants, and the best shot of corporals and privates of the battalion.

This decoration is a most elegant one, consisting of crossed rifles and star, surrounded by a large scroll of bay leaves for the privates and corporals, while for the sergeants a crown takes the place of the star.

All the badges are worn on the left forearm, with the exception of the section commander's badge, which is worn on the right.

A few years ago, before the introduction of the coloured figure target, the marksman's badge was quite a common sight.

But nowadays, when conditions have become much harder than they were, owing to the comparative invisibility of service targets, the man who wears the crossed rifles can be relied upon as a really good shot.



A HORSE-DEALING STORY.

THE CHANGLING

By HERBERT MILLER.

Henry Dene, horse-dealer, stood on the deck of the Clyde Shipping Company's steamboat as one Sunday morning in the month of October she made her way up the winding Suir, and gradually approached the long, dirty quays that fringe the ancient, odoriferous, steeple-dominated City of Waterford.

While buying young hunters in Gloucestershire during the previous week he had heard from a breeder of thoroughbreds of the noted Larry Peale, of the township of Carrignagrallagh, the greatest "harse-deeler in Oireland"; and, with a letter of introduction from his West-Country friend reposing between the leaves of his cheque-book, and a warning to try everything he liked before purchasing it, he had adventured himself across the Channel with the idea of picking up something in the shape of a weight-carrying hunter that could "lep," gallop, and go, for anything up to a hundred guineas, in the hope that during the forthcoming season he might be able to plant it among the millionaire fox-hunters of the Midlands at a profit of two hundred per cent.

The sun was shining brightly from between the fast-flying clouds, after a wild and stormy passage across the Channel, as amid the discordant clangour of the many bells chiming for last Mass the boat was warped to the quays, and the gangs of porters swarmed aboard, while the corner-boys of the "exempted city" kept a keen eye on their movements in order to detect who had stolen what, and to blackmail them out of a "dhrink of porther"—under threat of denunciation to the "pollis"—so soon as the side-doors of the publics should be quietly unlatched.

* * * * * * *

A side-car was at the hotel door early next morning to take Dene to Mr. Larry Peale's "harse-farm" at Carrignagrallagh, said to be barely ten miles from the city; but the horse-dealer found that Irish miles were meant, and that it was nearer twenty before the low, salmon-tinted walls of Sporthouse Farm became visible—"foninst the red garden"—as the driver pointed out when they crested the last of the rocky little hills that characterised the road.

Mr. Larry Peale was at home and expecting Dene. He was much disappointed that the latter took no whisky before examining horses; but hospitably mounted him on a useful-looking cob and carried him round the fields to see the young stock.

Then, coming back to the stables, he had out horse after horse, all famous leppers and renowned with the Kildare, the Tipperary, the Blazers, or the Island. None of them, however, caught the Englishman's eye, and Mr. Larry Peale presently in despair told one of the breeched and shirted helpers to bring out "The Limb," a 16-2 whole-coloured chestnut gelding, that at once took Dene's fancy.

Mr. Peale could tell nothing about him, how he was bred nor whence he came. All he knew was that he had bought him at a fair in the North, had hunted him one season, and had never a fault to find with him.

Dene rode him and found him perfect. He took him over all the varied jumps on the Sporthouse schooling-ground, cleared the Ballyteige Brook twice, trotted, cantered, galloped, and walked him, and found him a comfortable ride and a top-hole performer at any and everything, with a great turn of speed and a perfect mouth.

In fact, he thought he had found that pearl of great price for which he had been searching for twenty years—a snaffle-bridle hunter.

If he could only stay, as Peale assured him he could, and was sound he would have him. The Irishman would, however, give no warranty as to age, soundness, temper, or anything else.

"There he is, Mr. Dene, sorr. Take him or leave him at the price. Eighty pounds is all I'm asking you, and nothing back. To be shipped from Waterford the day your cheque's cleared at the bank. But you must make up your moind, for I shall send him to Tatt.'s if you don't take him. He's a r-r-are bar-r-gain. Oi niver-r had one the spit of him befor-r-e, and Oi don't believe there's another harse in Oireland could come up to him."

Dene flung his leg over his neck and came to the ground. He walked round him twice. He was flawless to every appearance. The dull chestnut hue of his coat was perfectly uniform, and carried right down to the coronets of his hoofs.

Dene was a sportsman as well as a horse-dealer. He pulled out his cheque-book and went off to the Irishman's "studio," as he called it, to complete the purchase of the first hunter he had ever bought in Ireland.

* * * * *

Ten days later "The Limb" arrived at Market Drayborough Station, hooded, sheeted, and thoroughly tired by his long journey over land and sea.

Dene's head groom walked him from the station to Gayington Stud Farm, as the dealer's place was called. With drooping head and slack loins the chestnut permitted the strappers to remove his bandages, rough him over, and make him comfortable in his roomy box, knee-deep in straw, such as he had never seen before.

At eight o'clock next morning Dene's pretty parlour-maid burst into his bedroom with the remark:

"Oh! sir, please, Jem have sent up to say will you please to come at once. The new 'orse from Ireland have turned that vicious; he've killed John and lamed Bill something cruel, and they can't get near him."

"Wha-at!" roared Dene, leaping out of bed in his pyjamas as Polly fled back to the kitchen. "Done, by Jupiter, and by a blasted Irishman!"

* * * * * *

A quarter of an hour later he was in the stable-yard. The vicious chestnut, looking—except for the extra amount of white he showed in his eyes—precisely as he had appeared at Sporthouse Farm, had been dragged out of his box, with ears laid back, and all four feet in active play in every direction.

No one could get near enough to put a saddle or bridle on him. Dene seized the halter dangling from the headstall that had fortunately been left on him the day before, and taking a running jump, he landed plucky on his back. Two seconds later he went over his head into the manure-heap in the corner.

Jem had seized the halter as his master let it go, but the yard was small and well-walled, the gates were closed, and there was no chance of a break-away.

Dene came back from the manure-heap in a towering rage, humiliated in the eyes of Bill rubbing a damaged shin, and of John lying groaning by the saddle-room window.

He stood regarding his purchase critically.

"Hobble him," he ordered.

When the order had been executed he said: "Bring a pail of hot water and dissolved soap and wash him all over."

The men stared as though their master had gone mad, but they did as he had ordered them.

A greater astonishment awaited them as sponge and rubber did their work. First, a white blaze appeared on the self-coloured chestnut's vicious face; then a white stocking was manifested on the near fore-leg; a similar bit of hosiery revealed itself on the off hind fetlock. Dene knew he had been had.

* * * * * *

At Tattersall's next Monday's sale, Henry Dene asked the acting-auctioneer whether he knew anything of Larry Peale, of Carrignagrallagh.

"Biggest 'hoss-thief' in the South of Ireland," was the prompt reply.

Dene told him his story.

"Yes!" commented the expert, "he's made £20,000 at that game. You'll never get your eighty quid back, my boy. Send the horse to the kennels and make yourself popular with the huntsman. That's the best thing you can do. At any rate, it will prevent Peale making another eighty of him, as he will if you send him back."

"But how can I get the horse I bought?"

"Get an Irishman to steal him for you, sonny. It'll take him all his time."

HOW TO IMPROVE THE EYESIGHT.

LONG-SIGHTEDNESS CAN BE ACQUIRED BY PRACTICE.

Most men's eyesight can stand improvement at any age, and for outdoor work there are few who cannot with practice increase their range of vision and power of easily defining distant objects.

The method to be adopted is as follows. Take up your position on the side or summit of a hill from which a fair expanse of country is visible, and have with you a pair of moderately good field-glasses. The ordinary sort is preferable to those of the prism variety, since magnifying power is of less importance than clearness of definition.

A SIMPLE EYE EXERCISE.

First pick out with the naked eye the most distant object that you can see without being able to recognise what it is. It may be a mere speck of white to your vision, whether it is a cow, or a rock, or the whitewashed wall of a cottage, you cannot tell. Having exhausted effort and conjecture in trying to recognise the object and failed, apply the field-glasses, which will at once show you its character. Take them away, and you will find it becomes increasingly easy to see it for what it is.

Then reverse the process. Search the landscape with the glasses until they show you some interesting object at a distance, say the chimney of a hidden cottage peeping between the trees. Now try to find it with the unaided eye.

At first you will not be able to do so, but by repeating the use of the field-glasses and moving them slowly to right and left of the chimney, and then sweeping the skyline so as to pick up some easily-identified landmark to guide you in your search, you will find to your astonishment that you are presently able to see the chimney quite distinctly.

THE LADY OF PLYMOUTH.

I have met persons so short-sighted that they never considered it possible to see anything more than a few hundred yards distant; yet by perseverance in following out this simple plan they have been able at last to recognise objects as far away as two or three miles.

An extreme case was that of a Plymouth lady, who, at the age of thirty, was unaware that it was possible to see the Breakwater from the Hoe. Yet her eyesight was perfectly good at close quarters; she simply had not learned it to look at objects at any distance.

When the eyesight has been improved at long distances, it may be brought to bear on things nearer at hand.

In the next field, perhaps a hundred yards away, there is a black, motionless object. The glasses reveal it to be a flower standing, as they often do, for minutes at a time on one leg. Next turn the glasses on something even nearer, say the hedge. Sweep them slowly along until you pick up a tiny flower that you can recognise. Now try to find the same flower with the naked eye. You will be surprised to discover how quickly you can do so.

INCREASED POWERS OF OBSERVATION.

Six months of such practice will improve any man's eyesight fifty per cent., and at the same time quicken the powers of observation; so that a country ramble, or even an hour's rest in the garden will cease to be dull, since he can witness a thousand interesting sights that were formerly beyond his range of vision.

Long sight is exceptionally valuable to any and every class of sportsman. The racing man who can distinguish the colours of the leading jockey at "the distance" without using his glasses has a great pull over the near-sighted one struggling to get them into his field of vision.

The deer-stalker who can pick up the herd with his natural eyesight, before bringing the telescope to bear in order to find whether it contains a good stag, also possesses a great advantage over less long-sighted sportsmen.

The hunting man who can espy the red-brown body of a fox stealing up a distant hedge-row, or see the lithe form of a hare running across the plough, can often by a judicious corner and "pound the field" on an inferior mount.

Long sight is one of the most valuable gifts a man can possess, but a man's natural sight grows less powerful with disuse. Men confined in complete darkness soon go blind, and in the same way men who do not exercise their eyes at long distances speedily become near-sighted.

G. HEAD.

RUGBY IN DANGER

IT IS BEING SPOILED BY THE ELEMENT OF MONEY.

There never was a time when Rugby football was so popular with the general public, apart from the special following it has always had of ex-Rugby-playing public schoolboys.

This at first sight is a hopeful sign, but it is fraught with danger.

Time was when Rugby matches were almost invariably late in starting, a fact which helped largely to keep the general public away. Now the Rugger man is quite as punctual as his Soccer brother. On the surface this is matter for congratulation, but let us look a little deeper, and perhaps we may discover that the business-like way in which Rugby matches are now conducted does not make for the best interests of the game.

WHO PLAY RUGBY?

Outside Wales, the average Rugby player is a young professional or business man. Of course, you get a sprinkling of men of means and leisure, and, more especially in the Midlands, a small proportion of working men. The mainstay of the Rugby game, however, is the young professional or business man.

Now take this question of punctuality. Were Rugby men late in the old days simply out of sheer perversity or slackness? I think not. Their lateness usually meant the curtailment of the game, and a man does not, as a rule, willingly shorten his hours of sport.

They were late, I believe, chiefly because they could not get away from their work, or could only get away at its expense.

If a man is going to play Rugby at, say, 2.30, he wants to stop work about noon. This just gives him time to have the fairly substantial meal the Rugby man imperatively needs before a hard match, and time properly to digest it.

SACRIFICING BUSINESS INTERESTS.

One has been hearing a lot lately about business men making Saturday a dies non. This may be true of middle-aged employers, but I doubt very much whether it applies to young men on the threshold of life. And, mind you, if noon may be early enough to knock off for the Londoner who is going to play within the London district, it is not nearly early enough if he has to travel any distance. In such cases he must take the whole of Saturday off, and perhaps a part of Friday.

My main contention, however, is that punctuality at Rugby matches often means, at least in mid-winter, that a man has to neglect his business for sport, and that opens the gates to an undesirable type of player, a type which makes a business of sport.

The increasing seriousness of modern Rugby, however, has led to its best interests being more directly threatened. Despite official rebuffs, a strong section in Wales are anxious to see a Rugby League established on the same lines as the Football League.

If this came to pass, genuine Rugby would be doomed, not only in Wales, but I fear in England.

DANGERS OF POPULARITY.

The public have awakened to the spectacular charms of Rugby, and I frankly admit that, run as a commercial speculation, it could probably be made a very profitable undertaking, but with it would pass the genuine amateur.

There is a real danger of the commercialisation of Rugby becoming an accomplished fact, for, as it is, the competitive element is undesirably strong in Rugby.

Last season we had the very unpleasant spectacle of a case of deliberate obstruction in a match between two first-class clubs. Here there was nothing at stake except the game, and if that can happen in an ordinary club match, what about games where a championship or cup hangs on the result?

Rugby used to be essentially the gentleman's game. He played for the sake of the sport and nothing else. Even if club coffers are to suffer, the sooner we get back to these days the better for everybody concerned.

H. MCCARTHY.

BURDON'S DEVILS

A MAN'S LETTER.

By A. G. STORM.

Burdon used to visit me in my rooms every Tuesday evening, but one night he defaulted and sent round the following letter.

"Dear S.,—You know a little bit of what I've been, and you've said to me before now: 'Never run away; you can't get rid of your troubles by bolting.'

"That's good sense, S., if a trifle obvious, and I've proved the truth of it over and over again entirely to my satisfaction.

"You can't leave your troubles behind . . . no, nor you can't stay behind and endure having 'em daily partners. Not always. And that's when you bolt—as I'm doing now.

"I'm off for the how manyth time?—God only knows.

"I'm abandoning job, digs, friends, sense—all the careful, cautious rules which help to ward off battle, murder, and sudden death. I've always known that there are some things stronger than our instinct for safety—things which attack you and make you for a while like a mad horse in a corral.

"They're a man's devils, S.—his own particular hell-begotten devils. And you've got to give 'em 'rein when they demand it. You've got to let 'em have their head.

"Shall I tell you of the particular nature of a few of mine? They're real, you know.

"The word 'devils' isn't a convenient label for unhappy moods and imaginings. Devils exist in us as surely as there's blood in the veins. Christ, I remember, went about 'casting out devils.' No better work than that. Almost it persuadest me to be a Christian.

"Faith won't cast out mine, though. I've tried. . . .

"It's odd, when you come to think of it, that you always have to barter before you receive kind treatment from God. He always wants something in exchange.

("It was one of my devils who whispered to me to say that!)

"Now to perform the introduction.

"Firstly, the Devil who is jealous of my friends.

"I have a devil in me, S., whose business it is to see that I never keep a friend. He snaps the affection just when it is becoming binding. He teaches me to say the unmeant, unkind thing; he prompts me to the act which appears ungenerous when, God wots, there is nothing but friendliness in my heart.

"The failed-in appointment, the unfulfilled promise, the letter which long has awaited an answer—these are his doings, the foul, cowardly, obstructing wretch! He will make you lose your train by furtively hiding your collar-stud . . . . and you never disappoint a friend but you kill something, mayhap, a little of his trust.

"Witness that I'm giving you up to-night, not desiring to, having no reason, yet unable to help it, driven forth by my Devil of Unrest.

"Yes, he's the next one. . . . He usually lies low till I've forgotten him, till I've built up some little security, felt my feet on firm foundations. Then he comes out of his lair and chuckles; and out I have to go!

"No place, no nook, no sanctuary for me. . . .

"I have a dear familiar devil whose other name is Despair. He tells me that nothing is worth striving for, nor anything worth having. He bids me look at the centuries and the dust that is all that is left of them. . . . And he counts my cost—a mote in the sunshine, a drop in the ocean. . . . The littleness of man, when he thinks of the past's immensity!

"Then there's my little devil Doubt, who grins and jeers whenever I make strenuous efforts to *do* something!

"I've tussled with him, night out, day in. It's a horrible thing to have mockery inside you whenever you have a decent impulse—an impulse to be better and nobler than before. . . .

"And my worst devil of all is he that defies the Almighty with a sneer on his lips. He stands up and shrills forth blasphemies, accusing my God of torturing the soul with abominations that it cannot bear. I am afraid of him; he drags me to the pit of damnation.

"So you see, S., I'm off once more—out into the unfriendly world—seeking my soul's salvation.

"It comes to that in the end, you know. You must find your anchorage, something to which weakness can cling. Often I wonder: Is it the Cross? Upon it One Other suffered; and He promised peace and a haven at the last. *Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani.* I can cry that to-night, so you can guess how I must be feeling.

"Good-bye. . . . BURDON."

* * *

I hurried away to his lodgings to try to find him. But he had gone, leaving no address.

Knowing the man, and something of his moods, I scarcely expected anything else.

I have not seen him since.

ANIMAL HATREDS.

Those who have come much into contact with animals know that there are some men whom horses seem to like naturally, others to whom dogs always exhibit friendliness, and others again who are actually liked by the majority of cats.

Conversely, there are people whom certain classes of animals seem absolutely to hate.

It is a notorious fact that there are some men who will continually get stung by wasps and bees, while others who may be in their company are left alone.

So, also, there are some men to whom horses are never friendly. With such a man a horse that is usually quiet will start playing tricks, and he maintains his seat only by his skill in horsemanship, if he possesses it.

LONG-DISTANCE ROAD RIDING.

OF INTEREST TO ONE-DAY CYCLING TOURISTS.

Every year in the middle of September cyclists come from all parts of London and the provinces to take part in a ride from Hyde Park Corner to Bath and back. And as this spin is conducted on the soundest touring lines, it may be useful to note those lines here, for the benefit of cycling readers who may contemplate such runs either by themselves or with a party of friends.

Starting at midnight on Friday, the party generally manage to complete the run of 212 odd miles under twenty-four hours. It strikes one at first sight as rather a stiff task for the ordinary rider; but in reality it is not, because the arrangements are planned with a view to allowing every rider, barring accidents, to finish the course comfortably.

In the first place, the leaders are limited to a steady pace of ten or twelve miles an hour; and frequent stoppages for rest, refreshment, and meals are provided at the precise places where previous experience has shown that the majority of the riders need them.

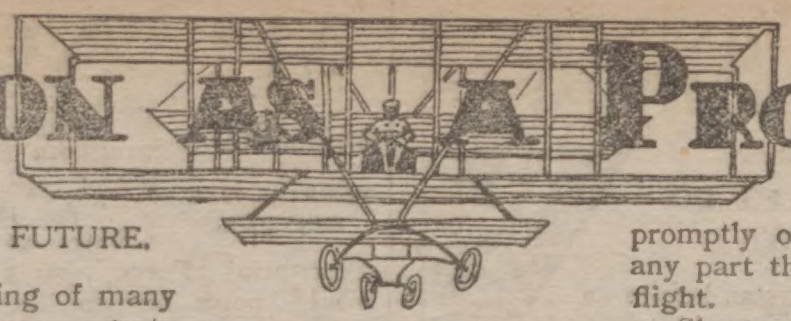
This, then, is one tip to one-day long-distance wheelers. Before starting, ask a friend who has done the trip, or inquire through a sporting paper, as to which stopping-places are most advisable.

In the ordinary way, starting at midnight, you will begin to feel "peckish" at about 3 a.m., when a sandwich and a pull at your flask will be about what you want. By that time you will have gone from 30 to 36 miles. You will probably want a substantial breakfast in another three hours or so, and you will be able to obtain such a meal at that time at almost any wayside inn or cottage.

The breakfast that the cottager will provide you with is frequently better both in quality and quantity than you would get at an inn; at least, that is the writer's experience.

Finally, don't gear your cycle too high; use a fairly large saddle; and, to avoid saddle-soreness, it is a good plan to rub some soft soap on the inside of your pants before starting the spin.

Aviation as a Profession



ITS REWARDS, COST, AND FUTURE.

The aviator must be something of many things — mechanic, athlete, press-agent, geographer, and a sound business man. He requires nerves of silver-steel, and a constitution that will stand an almost superhuman buffeting—and the rewards are proportionately high.

The average payment for one day's engagement of an airman is one hundred guineas. Out of this he has various heavy expenses to meet, such as transport of his machine, wages and travelling expenses of anything between four and eight highly skilled mechanics, petrol, payments to assistants, replacements to machine—and one unfortunate landing may involve the flyer in any amount up to a hundred pounds—but in spite of all this expense, a very fair sum remains from the day's fees.

There are three ways in which a man gifted with the required intelligence and nerve may become a professional airman.

COST OF AN INSTRUCTION COURSE.

In the first place, he may be wealthy enough to take a course of instruction at some aviation school, and after acquiring his certificate of proficiency—without which he is debarred from flying in any race or exhibition held under the auspices of the Aero Club—he may purchase one or even more machines of his own, and may then begin to earn a large income by exhibition flying, by carrying passengers, and by securing a portion of the large money prizes which are continually being offered by newspapers and Town Councils who organise a flying meet.

The cost for the complete course varies, but it may be stated roughly as £80. Incidentals, such as tips, generally more than double this amount.

This is no doubt the quickest method, and when once proficiency is attained, the income to be earned is a large one. The flyer is free to take the most lucrative engagements in any part of the country he may desire; he is not restricted as to the make of the machine he uses, and, his time being very largely his own, he can arrange terms with patrons to suit their convenience, and consequently secure higher payment.

ACTING AS MECHANIC.

One way and another this method will cost the intending airman something between two and three thousand pounds before he can look for any return for the time he has expended and the capital he has put out.

Another way in which a man may become a professional flyer is by acting as mechanic to some man who is already occupied as an aviator.

Many of the most famous flyers of the day commenced their career in this fashion, Paulhan and Vedrines being amongst the most successful.

To secure a position as mechanic, a man must be a highly skilled internal combustion engineer, who must understand petrol engines from top to bottom; he must have a knowledge of design in order that he may quickly replace any broken or defective part; he must thoroughly understand the "tuning-up" of an engine.

TRAINED IN MOTOR-CAR SHOPS.

Given these qualifications, it is not a difficult matter to secure a post as mechanic at a rate of about £3 per week and all expenses. Most men who are at present employed in this way have served their time in motor-car shops, and have graduated through various machinery erecting, testing and running stages of the heavier engines until they were trusted with the lighter and more delicate work of the aero engine.

Most of the well-known motor engine makers are now engaged in the production of the aeroplane engine, and the race for favour of the different makes promises to be keener than the race between the different road-car engines.

Having worked for some time with the airman and acquired a fairly extensive knowledge of the aeroplane and its ways, the mechanic is promoted to flight engineer, when he often accompanies his owner on flights, and at any rate is always following the machine in a car in order to be promptly on the spot to repair and adjust any part that may have gone wrong in the flight.

Short solo-flights are the next procedure, and from this to the acquirement of a certificate is not a far cry.

The budding airman, should he be unable to acquire a machine of his own, may now take an engagement with some firm who manufacture and fly their own aeroplanes. The terms offered are generally a fixed salary of up to £300 per annum, with a percentage on all exhibition fees, and all prizes won. Most of the men who are engaged in this way are making between £1,000 and £2,000 a year.

WORKING FOR AN AERO-ENGINE FIRM.

The third way is to secure a position as mechanic with an aero-engine firm, and endeavour to persuade them to place the candidate on the list of men who are being trained as airmen flying the firm's planes.

The pay for this last method varies somewhat, but it is nothing like so good as that paid to the independent flyer.

At present there are enough experienced airmen to meet the demand, but there is no doubt that it is in this way that the largest percentage of future flyers will acquire their experience.

Although at present the demand for airmen is large and the remuneration high, it does not at all follow that this state of things is likely to continue. Far from it.

The pay is large at the present time for two reasons: Because flying is still uncommon and new, and because an airman practically takes his life in his hands every time he leaves the earth. But these are things that will quickly be changed.

PUBLIC INTEREST DECLINING.

In many places the novelty of seeing machines sailing through the air, and hearing the peculiar space-filling bang of the engine, is already wearing off. Newspapers and Corporations will quickly cease to offer large monetary inducements as soon as the flights fail to attract attention and visitors.

The danger at present existent to the airman is being rapidly eliminated, and when this is entirely, or almost entirely, gone, there will be no larger money paid for driving an aeroplane than there is for driving a motor-car.

The air is being thoroughly mapped and investigated, and delicate appliances are being fitted to the machines which show at a glance wind pressure, speed, gravity, the inclinations of the aeroplane, and almost every other thing which can possibly be of use to the flyer.

The engine itself is being improved every day, until it will be an almost unheard-of thing for an accident to be brought about through engine defects.

ENSURING SAFETY AND REDUCING PROFITS.

The planes and the steering and elevating gears are being rapidly improved upon, and the landing apparatus is no longer one of the weakest spots in the construction.

Mr. Barker, who has recently presented some of his machines to the Government, has perfected an appliance which ensures the stability of the aeroplane without the attention of the airman, and all these improvements and devices to ensure safety are helping to pull down the money paid to aviators and to render aviation as common and easy as riding a bicycle.

It is as well for the man who intends taking up aviation as a profession to bear these facts well in mind. There are no doubt at the moment large rewards to be secured by the competent and daring airman, but it is obvious to anyone conversant with the subject that very quickly the prices paid will come down with a rush.

For the next few years, say five to ten, it should, however, be no difficult thing for any smart man, who possesses a flying certificate granted by the Aero Club, to earn not less than £6 to £10 per week. After this period it is very probable that a skilled aeroplane pilot will be obtainable for a wage approximately that paid to the taxi-cab drivers on the streets to-day.

W. H. Berry.

Sailing Hints

WHAT NOT TO DO IN A BOAT.

No one should ever stand up in an open boat. If it is necessary for two occupants to change places, they should stoop down on opposite sides and in this way they should crawl slowly past each other.

No rope should be left uncoiled. Even if it is only the bight of a halyard a foot or two long, it should be neatly coiled up and placed out of the way, where it cannot get entangled in the passengers' feet or in anything else.

All ropes should be kept "cleared," that is, nothing should be placed above them, such as coats or cameras or fishing tackle.

The "sheets" or ropes attached to the sails. should never be tied to the cleats fixed in the thwarts, but always held in the hand. Tied sheets have drowned more men than any other cause.

MEETING WIND DIFFICULTIES.

If a squall or flaw of wind is seen approaching, it is better to slack off the sheet or even to lower the sail than to wait until it feels the full force of the wind and then for the crew to lean to windward hastily, as this may result, through the wind suddenly dying away, in a capsize to windward, which is more dangerous than any other.

It is to be remembered that in passing a bigger vessel your own boat will be blanketted; that is, the wind will be taken out of your sail. The moment you have passed the other vessel, however, the full force of the wind will strike you again on an even keel with no way on, and if you are not prepared for this you may be blown clean over.

When sailing along a coast intersected by deep narrow gullies, always be on the look-out for sudden gusts blowing down them, which strike the sails with unexpected force.

DANGERS OF A GYBE.

A gybe is always a dangerous thing, even when you are expecting it. Few small boats will sail very close to the wind, and hence frequently "miss stays," that is, fail to go about in the wind's eye. They are then said to be "in irons," and if there be a light puffy wind and any lop on, a gybe is very probable.

The man who steers a small boat sails her. He alone can feel what she is doing and should have the sheets led aft so as to be under his control. He should be in command, and any orders he issues should be instantly obeyed by the other occupants.

Nearly every seaport around the coast possesses a boat of a different build and rig from that of its neighbours, which local experience has shown to be for some reason best suited to the waters in which it is employed. These different boats require to be handled differently. The man who can sail a Northumberland coble, will find that a Falmouth quay-punt will puzzle him; and a balance-lug requires different treatment from a dipping-lug or a shoulder-of-mutton sail.

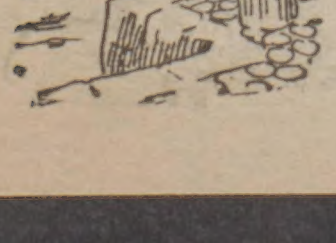
PLENTY OF SEA ROOM.

In steering, allowance must always be made for currents and the set of the tide. Also it should be remembered that in turning a boat the stern comes round more slowly than the bow, so that, in avoiding. say, a buoy or a boat at anchor, plenty of sea-room should be given it, as, though the prow will clear the obstacle, a collision is otherwise inevitable with the stern.

If it should come on to blow hard, it is better at once to lower the sail and take up a reef or even two, while there is ample time to do it. Then, with shortened sail, it will be comparatively easy to make your port without undue risk.

Remember that the movable ballast in a small boat is placed where it best suits her sailing qualities, and should not be shifted about merely for the convenience or extra comfort of the passengers. Shifted ballast has been the cause of many accidents, the victims of which have not lived to throw light on the occurrence.

ARTHUR DAWSON.



MY NOTEBOOK.

OBLIGATIONS OF A TERRITORIAL OFFICER.

A reader, who is a captain in a Birmingham infantry battalion, writes as follows:

"As your paper is widely read by the officers as well as by the men of the Territorial Force, you would be doing a service if you would point out to Territorial officers what I consider their moral duty—namely, to do what they can in civil life for the men who are under their command.

"If officers would take more interest in the welfare of their men there would be a better understanding between them."

I fully agree with the sentiments of this correspondent, and I am glad to say that I know several Territorial officers who put the theory into practice. Personally, I may say that I always do so, as far as lies in my power.

If you have spent a camp with a man, you know his character much better than you would do if you had been a year in contact with him in ordinary business. When, therefore, it happens that he is out of a job, and comes to you to see whether you can offer him anything, or whether you can recommend him to your business friends, you do what you can for him with every confidence.

I have particularly in mind a certain captain who is by no means a good drill, but who has been more than once complimented by those in high places for his practical work during manœuvres. His men will do anything for him because they regard him as a sort of big brother, who has their interests thoroughly at heart.

I have heard him swearing at his men, and he has no pity for the slacker; but whatever he says leaves no sting, because his men know that he is prepared to do anything for them if it lies in his power, and the percentage of men in his company for whom he has found jobs is a large one.

THE VALUE OF THE LEAGUE.

I am constantly receiving letters from League members who have proved the value of the movement. Men who have gone to a town as absolute strangers have, by means of the League, at once surrounded themselves with friends of the most acceptable kind.

Here is one letter from amongst many.

"While I am writing," says a Catford correspondent, "I should just like to mention a little thing which happened the other day. I was looking for a certain road in New Cross, and had asked several people, who did not know it.

"I had been walking all the morning, and felt a bit tired and hot, for it was a scorcher, when I saw a tram driver putting a letter in a pillar-box. I thought to myself, 'I'll ask you as a last hope,' when, to my great surprise, before I could get a word out, he was holding out his hand, and saying, 'Hallo, old man, how are you?'

"Of course I shook hands with him, but had not the faintest idea as to who he was until he said, 'I see you are one of the "boys."' Well, that explained matters. I hadn't noticed his badge.

"He was a good sort, showed me the direction of the road, and said that a great number of the L.C.C. carmen are League enthusiasts."

Amongst the photographs in my collection is one of an electric tramcar. The photograph of the driver comes out comparatively small, and in the lapel of his coat his League badge shows as a tiny white speck.

I am very proud of that photograph, for tramway men are fine chaps, and are invariably civil and obliging under most trying circumstances.

A GOOD IDEA.

A League member in Ilkeston sends me a very sound suggestion. It is that in future the regiment should be quoted after the names of those League members who are Territorials.

This would certainly be most convenient in many ways, and would enable those who contemplate transferring from one regiment to another to learn a bit about the new regiment before taking the step.

If applicants for membership of the League care to add the necessary information when applying for membership, I shall be happy to print it in due course.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE YEAR'S FIFTH AND BEST SEASON.

Everyone of us is quick to note the days when it is clear that summer is dying of exhaustion. "By jove; look at that elm-tree; it looks like autumn, doesn't it?" Then someone to someone else. The other man agrees. Then they talk of dates. It's such-and-such a date, they say, and add, "We can't expect summer to last for ever."

By the time this talk has passed from their minds autumn, and summer too, are forgotten, and the next occasion either of them mentions times and seasons is probably when one of them discovers that "it's only over seven weeks to Christmas."

The interval has been filled with work, strenuous athletics, or what-not. Very little of it has been spent in watching a season pass and another arrive. Most men exchange two or three words to the weather daily, but they do not look at it in big chunks, so to speak.

Those who do, find a remarkable number of seasonal changes which stand out from, or, rather, are slipped in between, the regular four that most of us regard as marking up the year.

BEST SUMMER AND WINTER.

One of the most attractive of these sub-seasons may come upon us at any moment. It comes as a continuation of summer weather after the colour changes of autumn have been well under way for a few weeks.

Then it is the time of stillness and gold, and is to many people the time of times in the circle of the year.

Often it comes in unobserved. There have been rain and wind, autumn has shown that it is in its usual bustling mood, and that it has come to "fill the bill" and not to invest it with summer any longer. Grey days have been beautiful; leaves have paled, browned, fallen, and lain sodden.

Then late one afternoon a low, long slit of watery sky has appeared about the sunset. A weak but golden sparkle has shone from the wet leaves still on the trees, and the sky has cleared by the time it is dark.

If you are observant you will know by these signs that the time of stillness and gold has arrived. It may last for three days, it may last for three weeks. But however long, it is too short; however short, it is very beautiful, and supremely attractive to the lover of things in the open.

TIME FOR RAMBLING.

This is the ramblers' time, pre-eminently. There is no need to hurry, but there is need for movement, as one naturally wanders from hedge to hedge, from road to path, from wood to field.

Presently one realises that the sun is low in the sky. The downward glare of yesterday's summer has vanished, and now it is a slanting, golden, calm and cool radiance that lights up the thatch on the rick with a glorious warmness.

Not a breath stirs a leaf. A complete halt has been called in the visible processes of nature. Up to a point there has been a ripening for autumn's clearance. But now all is stilled and the stripping winds have died down for a season—this season of stillness and gold.

The grass is wet. You are uncertain whether it is the dew or the past heavy rains. The great bulbs of sparkling water rest on the broad, flat surfaces of the leaves, and roll away without breaking as your heavy, hob-nailed boot comes down amid the grass. Long blades hang together however carefully you tread, and the leather is soon dark about the toe-caps and turns white.

BY THE HEDGE.

Under the hedge, where the rabbits have cropped the grass, it is drier. You hug the hedge-side, therefore, and as you walk there is the delicious scrunch of newly-fallen acorns under your feet. Crunch! scrunch! scratch! scratch! There is no sound like it. The long, green cups burst beneath your weight with a crackle as if they enjoyed it.

Some are still in their cups, some are clean and free. It is pleasant to gather a handful. The feel of them is cool and soft. Some people eat them, just as you can make any pig your devoted friend and companion with a pocket full of acorns. Like any well-trained dog the pig will follow, patiently stopping to pick up each acorn as you drop it.

Where the hedges are thick and untrimmed, the brambles are now stretching out far into the field. The ends are crowded with blackberries, not yet black, except here and there.

FIRST FRUITS.

The search is worth the trouble, for the first juicy, ripe berries, the earliest on a cluster, have a flavour that none of the later ones possess. Or so it seems, on such an afternoon as this.

The first of the nuts, too, will come easily from their shaggy sockets on the trees. The kernels are as yet white, milky, and sweet—embedded in a soft, damp, white substance like a precious stone in cotton-wool.

Over in the garden-orchard at the side of the farm there are still a few ungathered apples. They hang in red ripeness in the level sun, and even the sight of them is refreshing. For a couple of pence the farmer's wife—thrifty soul—will give you three or four of the best, and you can go off to the nearest gate and sit and enjoy the finest meal of your life.

Do not insult the air and sun and earth by peeling the apples. They have come straight from the tree, and not through many hands by way of a townsman's shop.

COUNTRY COMMERCE.

You return to the farm. "Can you have a couple of bushels sent home?" The farm-wife repeats your question. She is "afraid not," they are already sold to some town greengrocer, who will come along at any moment, measure them up, and give her a good price for them.

On the way home you see for the first time the blueness of the mists that skirt the woods. Out of the dark almost bare, wood, a pheasant crows and is answered from the distance.

A heavy dew is falling, and the air is chilled when you take off your cap and walk bare-headed. There will be no frost yet; but the night is cool and misty, and fragrant.

At home a lamp is alight, and by this sign you know that days are shortening. But while it lasts there is no season like that of stillness and gold.

C. EASTON-GREY.

MOUNTING A TRAMCAR.

Any man who has been lucky enough to undergo a period of military training must have noticed the slovenly manner in which the average crowd gets on to a tramcar.

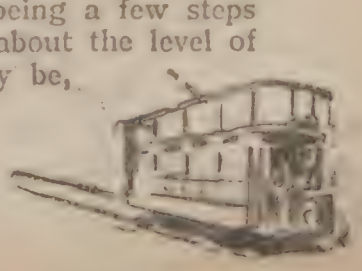
The car pulls up at the spot where the waiting passengers are assembled, and there is at once a rush to mount it. Everyone seems to be elbowing and jostling his neighbour, except those who have got one foot on the step, and they evince no hurry whatsoever in taking their places.

If the passengers were soldiers instead of a civilian crowd, they would file on to the car in due order and smartly, and there would be no hustling and discomfort.

In this connection it may be mentioned that women are amongst the worst offenders. A man with reasonably good manners does not push forward, but allows time for those clambering on to the car to mount it. In most cases his chivalry is ill-rewarded, for some woman, observing that there is an inch or two of space between him and the next person, promptly squeezes herself in front of him.

There is always unnecessary delay in mounting a tramcar, but this is particularly noticeable with those who go on deck, most of them waiting patiently at the bottom of the stairs till the person in front has got on top.

Their fear is, of course, that if they follow him too closely they may get their face kicked by his heels, or their eyes jabbed out by the point of his umbrella or walking-stick. There is no such danger, however, if you keep close to the person in front instead of being a few steps beneath him, for then your face comes about the level of his waist, and, however careless he may be, you run no risk of being hurt.



CRAMMING.

HINTS FOR ALL EXAMINATION CANDIDATES.

The faculty of passing examinations successfully does not by any means denote unusual intellectual power. It merely indicates that the successful candidate applied himself to his work in the right manner.

Examinations become more and more exacting every year, and the field which has to be covered in preparation for one of them is far too wide to be mastered thoroughly. It is sufficient for your immediate purpose if you acquire enough information to satisfy the examiners.

The cramming of the necessary facts must be done in a systematic way. Whatever your examination may be, you will find that certain subjects appeal to you more than do others, but you must not yield to inclination. The book you are reading for an examination must not be read in the way that you would read a book for pleasure, and the part of it which is of least interest is very often that part from which questions will be put.

You must read with concentration. Many of the books you will have to tackle will be worded in that involved manner beloved of the erudite. You will encounter sentences so periodic and so complex that their meaning, at the first reading, is obscured. If the matter in such sentences is of any importance, read them again and get at their meaning.

READING AND UNDERSTANDING.

Some men seem to think that they have done their duty if they have read the prescribed books, whether they understand them or not.

There is no merit in reading the book as a book. The fact that you can swear that you have read every word of it will profit you nothing. It is the amount that you remember that counts, and unless you understand it as you go along, you will remember very little.

In studying for an examination one of the first things you must learn is to force yourself to study whether you feel inclined to do so or not.

There are some men who say that they cannot study late at night, while others are equally certain that they cannot study in the early morning. You can study at any time if you have got to, and if you put off the task till you feel disposed to tackle it you will find yourself without sufficient time to get through the work.

CRAMMING AND ATHLETICS.

While you are cramming you should give up all strenuous forms of athletics. Excellent as these are for keeping the brain worker in health, they should have no place when it comes to putting in the final spurt before the examination, for they demand the expenditure of energy which should be reserved to meet the exceptional mental pressure.

An hour's walking exercise, preferably divided into two half hours at different periods of the day, will be found sufficient, and after such exercise you will not return to your books tired, as you would do after anything more strenuous.

In connection with almost every examination, it is possible to obtain copies of the papers which have been set in previous years. You should carefully study the questions given in these papers, and consult your books so as to be able to answer every one of these questions thoroughly. The number of questions that can be asked on any subject is limited, and one or more of those set in previous years will be put before you in the examination you are about to undergo.

MEMORISING QUOTATIONS.

If you have the faculty of easily memorising passages of a book, it will prove highly useful; and this faculty is, to some extent, capable of being acquired if you do not possess it. Where you come across a telling phrase, or an unusual piece of criticism, commit it to memory. It impresses the examiner when he finds in your answers that you quote in support of your argument the actual words of great authorities.

On the day before the examination you should do no work at all, but take a complete rest, just as you would in preparation for an important athletic event.

When the long-dreaded list of questions lies before you, study these questions well before you put pen to paper. Many marks are lost by men failing to grasp the question that is being put.

W. J. LEWIS.

APPLE HARVEST.

A DAY'S WORK IN A WEST COUNTRY ORCHARD.

One of the pleasantest days that a holiday-making town man can spend is that on which his temporary host and landlord decides to gather in the apples from the orchard.

The trees are fairly well laden. Some are clustered, some are scanty, but looking at them from an average, the farmer is inclined to think them a little better than usual, while their quality, thanks to the endless sun, is exceptional. And his lodger from town is inclined to agree with him.

He is not a man who likes to be differed from, especially on a subject of which he ought to know something after twenty-three years "at the game," as he put it one night, over a bowl of his finest cider.

FALLEN AND BRUISED.

But circumstances have made him somewhat uneasy about the crop. The wind has sprung up of late, and there have been days when many apples have fallen to the ground, and so lost value, through being bruised, as a marketable commodity.

This morning, strolling through the dark avenues over-hung with heavy fruit, there are gusts again and again, and sometimes as the wind sweeps down the orchard slope there are innumerable little reports as dozens of ripe apples fall with a soft "plop" and a bounce into the long grass below.

To-morrow he will begin to gather them in. And to-morrow finds us all pressed into service to harvest the delicious fruit. For pay we are allowed to eat as many of the best as we like.

Comparatively few trees are to be picked by hand for market. The great majority are to be used in making "rough cider" for the farm hands' consumption during the coming year.

Into the best of the trees ladders are carefully hoisted, and careful men and women are selected for the delicate work of picking the fruit and stowing it gently into baskets so that not one apple will bruise and rot.

LOADED BOUGHS.

Again and again the baskets are lowered, and the fruit carried carefully away to long dry shelves in an outer building. Here they are laid out, with spaces between each, so that no mustiness may spread from one to another.

There is some fun when the wind shakes hard and down upon unprotected heads.

Up and down the orchard some of the heaviest-laden boughs have been drooping lower and lower as the fruit grew big and ripe. These have been propped with stout poles, and now hang in all their full richness, to the hands of the picker as he stands on the ground.

No sight can compare with this of a laden apple bough, bending to earth, in luscious fruitfulness.

Mingled with the dull and fading green of the thick leaves, the shining round apples need but a touch to bring them from the twigs. They are richly coloured; red, brown, russet, and green, mingle in superb harmonies on their surface, and the smell of them is an unforgettable scent years afterwards.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S FAVOURITE.

The crisp chunk that comes away at the first bite is an Englishman worth all the dusky hot-house fruits of the world, and the clean sharp sweetness of the fresh juice is unmatched by any other.

All day long the picking goes forward. Voices are lost and muffled up in the trees, but conversation is flung from tree to tree and reaches one from unexpected quarters.

The rough-and-ready method of a good shaking brings down showers of the coarser sorts, and big pyramidal heaps of the fruit begin to rise beneath many of the trees in convenient spots for later carriage to the old cider-mill.

By sunset it is a forlorn and ragged orchard that is left.

The trees, despoiled of their rich burden, their boughs battered, their twigs twisted, and the grass beneath them strewn with the wrack left from the plucking, the place is no longer the paradise it was. The long grass is trampled down, many hidden "windfalls" are crushed and brown and rotten. But the winds and rains will soon complete the work, and the orchard will regain next year its unspoiled beauty.

But first the trees must drip with cold winter rains and the branches sway and whistle to many a fierce gale.

M. B.

Beagling

MOST OF THE JOYS OF FOX-HUNTING, WITHOUT THE EXPENSE.

The sport of beagling, or following on foot packs of miniature hounds kept for the purpose of hunting hares, is becoming more popular year by year. In addition to many quite private packs kept up by landowners to hunt on their own estates, there are now over one hundred recognised establishments accepting subscriptions and advertising their meets.

Very many of these have kennels, and hunt a tract of country, close to London or some other large town, within half an hour's train-journey from a metropolitan terminus. There are no less than ten such packs round London, three or four near Sheffield, and half a dozen within easy reach of Manchester and Liverpool.

Indeed, these packs are chiefly supported by men engaged in business during the week, who quit the office stool for a brisk run across country under exhilarating conditions on a Saturday or a Wednesday afternoon.

CONVENIENT TIMES OF MEET.

Hare-hunting does not necessarily entail early rising or the devotion of a whole day to its pursuit. It is possible to meet at one or two o'clock in the afternoon and enjoy a capital spin before even the short winter days draw to their close. And in any case, it is not difficult for the average business man to take an occasional day off upon which to go beagling.

The sport is a thoroughly genuine one—much more genuine indeed than fox-hunting, which becomes each year more and more artificial—and as such commends itself to the true sportsman, and the lover of hound-work. It is noticeably fair to the hunted animal, which has many chances to one in favour of escaping unharmed after affording healthy enjoyment to hounds, huntsmen, and field.

COST OF THE SPORT.

Another point in its favour is that it is a cheap sport. Beagles cost very little to buy or to keep, and the expense of hunting them is also small. Many packs run on as little as fifty pounds a year. The Master is usually the huntsman, and the whippers-in are amateurs, for whom the wearing of the green hunt-coat with a velvet cap and the carrying of a crop, together with the enjoyment of their favourite sport, are sufficient recompense for their time and trouble.

A couple of guineas is the average subscription demanded of a regular follower of beagles, the occasional visitor being capped half-a-crown; but if beagling continues to progress in public favour, it is probable that these figures will increase in order to keep down the number of the fields and so minimise the risk of damage to fences and crops.

BEAGLING ETIQUETTE.

The man who goes beagling must conduct himself in much the same way as does the man who rides to hounds; except that when the hare is found he can be of use in helping to keep her up, by walking in line with the rest of the pack behind the Master and whippers-in and the pack instead of spreading and trying in all directions before them. For a small pack of, perhaps, eight or nine couples cannot cover the whole of an enclosure, and a hare that has been forced in her forme all day leaves no drag to guide them to where she is. The Master of an "afternoon pack," therefore, depends to a great extent on his field for a view, and these should walk with eyes on the ground, looking for the tussocks of grass and the bushes with their colour in order to start the quarry, which commonly chooses and harmonises so well with her surroundings that she would otherwise be passed over.

When she is put up the attention of the Master should be quietly called to the fact, either by a low whistle or by simply taking off hat or cap and waving it in the air.

The Master will then give one ringing shout of "See ho!" to get her going in earnest, and if the little hounds have fortunately not caught a view, he will take them to the first gap through which she went and lay them quietly on the line.

The field should not shout, as beagles have to work with their noses more than other hounds, and any noise gets their heads up and distracts them.

Once they have gone away those of the field who have come out for the purpose of "running up to hounds" will follow the "cry" as fast as they may, always taking care to be behind the Master. The ambition of the enthusiastic beagler, man or woman, is to be in every field through which hounds run, and to be well up with them so as to enjoy the pleasure of seeing them at work and listening to their musical voices.

But the man who is no longer as fit or as young as he was can see almost as much of the sport as his more athletic friend, if he will use his wits in combination with his legs.

Hares run mostly in rings; at any rate, during the first hour or so. After that they may be driven out of their country and will then go straight away.

Usually, however, the quarry will turn right or left-handed directly she has put the first fence between herself and her pursuers. If the old hand will note in which direction she first turns he will learn what ring she is likely to run, provided she is not headed by a farm-hand or coursed by a "cur-dog." He can then take his way to the nearest rising ground towards the centre of the probable ring, and thence watch the whole course of the chase.

HELPING THE MASTER.

He must, of course, in such a position be careful if the hare comes towards him to stand absolutely motionless until she has passed, otherwise he is certain to head her.

From his vantage post, if he be an experienced hare-hunter he may be able to afford the Master valuable help at a later stage of the hunt—when scent begins to fail—by marking which way the quarry goes, noting the spots in which she has indulged in that "work" by which she endeavours to puzzle and mislead her enemies, or watching where she flings herself into a hedge or ditch.

FRESH HARES.

He will also be able to see when a fresh hare has taken the place of the original quarry and prevent the ubiquitous yokel from holloaing hounds on to the wrong one. The average spectator is always sure that the hare that passes near him—and affords him a chance of his nicking in for the finish—is the hunted hare.

It is not always easy to distinguish between them, especially on wet days or in a plough country, and the novice must not be surprised if the experienced Master disregards his proffered opinion.

In some hunts the Master likes his field to carry crops, partly to assist in "finding" and partly to head off horned cattle or young horses that would otherwise foil the line or get among the pack. But, as a general rule, it is wiser for the beagler not to take a crop out unless the Master asks him to do so.

L. C. R. CAMERON.

STEEPLECHASE JOCKEYS.

HOW THEY DIFFER FROM RIDERS ON THE FLAT.

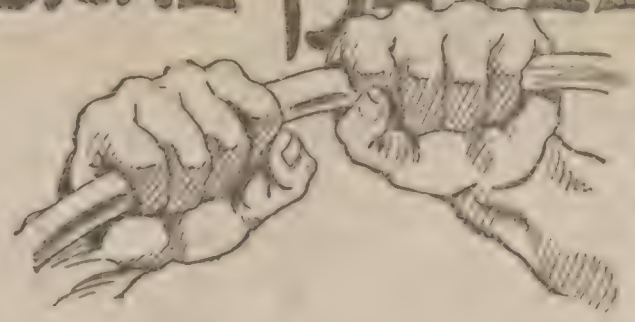
One of the chief points of difference between the steeplechase rider and his brother on the flat is that he cannot get nearly as many mounts. Therefore, he cannot make nearly so much money.

Whereas the upper ten—and more—of flat-race jockeys command salaries that Cabinet Ministers would not despise, on the other hand steeplechase riders who make more than £500 a year out of it are exceptional.

In addition to this, they really give their employers much more "value," as it were, than the flat-race jockey does. For a small fee they literally risk their lives every time they ride a horse. Few of them, except the cracks, are paid retainers. They simply travel from meeting to meeting in the hope of obtaining mounts.

On the other hand, however, they do not need to live half so sparely as the "flat" jockeys, for the reason that under N.H. laws weights rule so much higher.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

ROPE CLIMBING.

SOME INTERESTING EXERCISES WHICH INCREASE THE SIZE AND THE SUPPLENESS OF THE MUSCLES.

It is of great importance in all exercises which are practised for the purpose of muscular development and health that the interest of the student should be maintained. An interesting exercise has far more beneficial effects than has a dull exercise.

One of the most interesting and useful forms of exercise is rope climbing. Not only does it increase the size of the various muscles, but it also makes them supple, which is of even greater importance than size.

FIXING A ROPE AT HOME.

Rope climbing is usually associated with the gymnasium, but it can be used as an exercise at home, for the rope need not be a long one. It should be about an inch thick, or thicker if obtainable, and great care must be taken to fix it securely in order to prevent accidents.

How to place the hands and legs.

It can be suspended from the banisters on the top of the stairs, provided these are strong enough; but a better plan is to nail it securely to the floor on a landing, for the strain is thus better distributed, and there is less risk of an accident.

The first exercise is as follows:—

1. Grasp the rope firmly with the left hand as high as you can reach.

2. Place the right hand imdiately below the left.

3. Then, while keeping the arms perfectly straight, raise the feet from the ground, and throw them forward till the thighs and legs are in a horizontal position.

4. Hold them thus for a moment, return the feet to the ground, and repeat the exercise.

The second exercise is concerned with actual climbing.

Grasp the rope with both hands as before, and this time, when the legs are raised, grasp the rope with them also, in the manner shown in our first illustration.

The rope should pass between the inside of the knees and outside of the feet.

MAKING THE ASCENT.

The right knee should be in front of the left, and the rope should pass between the right calf and the shinbone of the left leg.

Grasp the rope hard with the legs, and force them into a straight position, bending the arms as you do so.

This brings you into the position shown in our second illustration, and your head is about two feet higher than it was.

Do this movement smartly, and do not allow any unnecessary hollowing of the back or protruding of the abdomen.

Next, repeat the movement already given, but grasp as high as possible with the right hand and place the left beneath it. Draw the legs upwards, still grasping the rope firmly, and repeat until you reach the desired height.

To descend, lower the body to the full extent of the arms, and allow the rope to slide through the legs. Then grasp the rope in line with the chest, with the lower of the two hands.

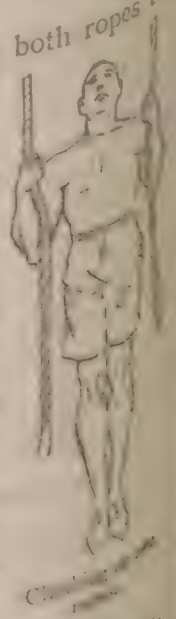
Next grasp the rope with the upper hand, immediately above the other. Repeat the movement until you have reached the floor.

Forcing the body up by straightening the legs.

Do not slide down the rope, for that will tear the skin off your hands, and such a movement is of no value as an exercise.

In climbing with a double rope, as shown in our third illustration, grasp the left rope with the left hand as high as you can reach, and grasp the right rope with the right hand on a level with the left, holding the ropes firmly.

Raise the feet off the ground, and grasp both ropes together between the legs as already described in the case of a single rope.



Climbing a double rope.

Climbing and descending can be done by the same movements as those already indicated.

To execute what is called side travelling, from one rope to another, grasp the neighbouring rope with the left hand on the same level as the right, and slacken your grip with the legs. Then grasp the left rope with the legs as already described, and transfer the right hand to the same rope; and so on from one rope to another.

At first it is well to have someone to hold the bottom end of the rope lightly while you are practising, as this will enable you more easily to master the correct movements.

All the movements should be executed with precision, and not done in a haphazard manner.

This form of exercise, like all others, should not be continued too long at first until your strength increases. There is no need for straining yourself. Constant practice is the thing needed, and not big spasmodic efforts.

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THE MORNING TUB.

HOW TO TAKE IT TO THE UTMOST ADVANTAGE.

The cold morning tub is a thing which must not be indulged in indiscreetly. If a quick reaction is easily gained and no shock is experienced, then it is a magnificent thing, but if the contrary is the case, and the bath cannot be taken without gasping, or should cold extremities result, cut it short entirely, and take a rub down with a rough towel instead.

A couple of warm baths weekly will keep the pores of the skin clear. If, however, you have been used to the cold bath and do not care to discontinue it, in spite of gasping or cold extremities, you will find that a sponge over with cold water will have the desired stimulating effect.

The ideal way of taking the cold bath, is, of course, by means of the douche, but very few physical culturists have the convenience; indeed many people who live in flats, have not even the use of a bath-room.

This necessitates the acquisition of a hip bath, and the correct way to use it is as follows.

Dash water in the face, then on the back of the neck. Then bathe well in the region of the heart and under the arms. Then follow with the arms and shoulders. One leg may be immersed, and the leg bathed; then the other leg.

Then sit upon your haunches, and squeeze two or three pailfuls of water down your back.

Pause a moment to scrape the water from your body and then with the hands, then dry quickly with a rough towel, and get into your underclothes with all expedition.

Do not rub too vigorously till the skill is fairly dry, or you will make it sore.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. "Light" (Walsall).—The article "How to Increase the Weight" appeared in No. 135.

H. (Nottingham).—A man who is suffering from a nervous breakdown should secure as much fresh air as possible, and above all, he should endeavour to find bright and interesting company. To take up some new form of athletic exercise is a good plan. By joining, say, a cross-country club, if you have not hitherto gone in for running, you would not only provide yourself with exercise in the fresh air, but also meet new people, and thus get "taken out of yourself."

H. (Barnoldswick).—The "splits" is a so-called physical feat which has no claim to consideration except as a performance, and it is an ugly and unnatural one.

A. 148. (Dublin).—See our exercise for breathing in No. 135.

H. (Oxford).—Your legs are well developed, but your arms greatly need further muscle. Your chest is small. At your age you have plenty of time to develop a fine man if you put your mind to it.

Z. (Comrie).—Probably the trouble is that a small piece has been knocked off the knee-cap. It is a very common accident with footballers, and you may be obliged to give up the game altogether. Follow your doctor's advice, and take plenty of rest. The knee may get strong again.

J. M. (Musselburgh).—All the systems which you mention are sound ones, these teachers taking an individual interest in their pupils. It would be invidious to say which is best. As you work indoors, you should endeavour to take scientific exercise with as much outdoor recreation as possible.

C. P. (Bristol).—Sloping shoulders can be squared by suitable exercises. The matter will duly be dealt with.

P. (London, E.C.).—It is quite common for a man to put on weight during his holidays if he spends them in a strenuous way.

P. P. (Hull).—You can't lengthen the fingers, as the length depends entirely on the bones.

A. (Birmingham).—From what you say, it seems probable that you go in for sport too much. Take things easy for a bit, and you will put on the desired weight.

E. M. (Tufnell Park).—Your weight is not much above the average for your height. Eat plenty of good food, take reasonable exercise, sleep with open windows and don't worry.

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To Business Men.

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Day by day, week in and week out, you travel to your place of business by tram or train. Under existing circumstances this procedure is necessary, but you are being deprived of your daily exercise and a certain amount of fresh air, which is your birthright. Your body will stand the strain for a time, but sooner or later it will show signs of wear. When you have read this far, glance round at the other occupants of the railway carriage or tram in which you are sitting, and see if they look as happy as they might.

One day you will not feel quite so fit as you did, and after a time you will find that indigestion, constipation, insomnia, or liver trouble has got its hold on you, because your body refuses to work any longer under unnatural conditions.

If you read in the above a description of your own case, write for my free book, "HEALTH AT HOME," which tells you how you can regain your former health, even under the bad conditions under which the sedentary worker is too often compelled to labour. If you still feel quite well, be warned in time, and write for this book, as trouble is sure to come. Don't put it off till to-morrow.

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and see how you can obtain and maintain the perfect health and glorious staminal power and general fitness of the trained athlete, although a business man. My terms are low.

THOMAS INCH, Physical Culture —— Expert, ——

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BILLIARD SHOTS THAT CHARM.

SOME SHOWY AND EFFECTIVE MEANS OF SCORING

Every billiard player has his own favourite stroke, so in expressing a preference for certain shots, I do not suggest that you are necessarily of the same way of thinking.

My own favourite is the long jenny from hand into a top pocket. You know the shot. The object ball is about eight inches above the middle pocket, and about half an inch away from the side cushion, while you are in hand.

To make the shot, you hit your ball a trifle low with as much reverse side as you can get on to it, aiming to hit the object ball fairly fine, but not too fine, or your ball will at once strike the cushion and your chance is gone.

When the shot is properly played, however, your ball describes a distinct curve, hits the cushion about a foot from the top pocket, and then, thanks to the check side on it, sidles along the cushion in a way that is perfectly fascinating, and drops into the pocket.

DIFFICULTIES WITH THE LONG JENNY.

I must confess, however, that the long jenny is rarely a paying shot unless both object balls are on the table and in play, but it is most often attempted when you have only one ball to play at, and the difficulty is to leave anything for a second shot if successful.

It is easy enough to make the jenny, but the difficulty is to bring the object ball back into the middle of the table, so that you have a loser into either top pocket.

In nine cases out of ten the object ball goes across the table to the opposite cushion, leaving you at best another long jenny.

It is very difficult to play the shot so slowly that the red ball rebounds to the middle of the table, while, if you play it so hard as to make the object ball rebound from the opposite cushion, the pace is apt to keep it out of the pocket.

The short jenny from hand into either middle pocket is another charming stroke. Here the object ball is about a foot below the middle pocket and fairly close to the cushion.

HOW TO DO IT.

A slow, easy shot and plenty of check side is necessary. You should aim to make your ball hit the far corner of the packet. It won't do so, or, even if it does, the side will cause the ball to fall into the pocket, whereas if you touch the *near* corner of the pocket ever so lightly the shot is spoiled.

A shot which I personally hate, but which is a favourite with many players, is the run through when your ball is almost in a straight line with another ball. It is certainly a pretty shot when well played.

Shots that never fail to bring down the house are screw in-offs when your ball is close to the object ball, and at right angles, or sometimes at more than right angles to a pocket.

The tip here is to put the bridge hand close up to the cue ball. It is wonderful what a difference this makes to the amount of screw you can get on the ball.

There is no need to hit your ball hard. A quite gentle shot will bring it off at right angles, and thus you can play to leave the object ball where you want it.

DOUBLES.

Doubles are very attractive shots, and will often get you out of a seemingly hopeless position. Most players make the mistake of playing them too hard, with the result that the doubled ball goes into the pocket only to bounce out again.

A really beautiful shot is one when the object ball is jammed in the jaws of a pocket so that it is almost but not quite possible to pass the cue ball between it and the other side of the pocket.

You want to hit your ball high and hard and aim not at the red, but at the open part of the pocket as if you were trying to run a *coup*. If the shot is correctly played, your ball will rebound from the red, which clears out of the way, and then run forward again into the pocket. Speed and plenty of "top" are essential to making this shot.

A stroke that looks difficult, but is comparatively easy, is potting the object ball when it is jammed tight against a cushion and the cue ball is at an angle to it.

Don't aim at the red ball, but at a point on the cushion half a ball away from it.

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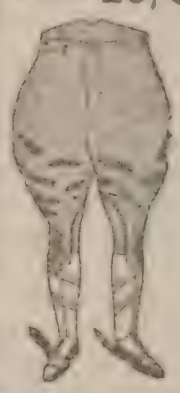

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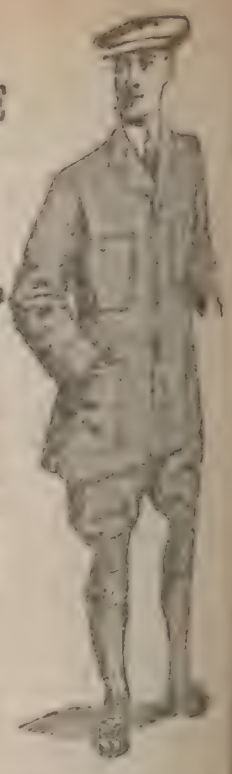

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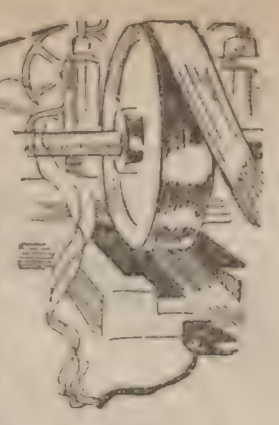


COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

A clerk came into Richard Selby's office and handed a card. He glanced at it, and then laid it down on the desk.

"Ask Mr. Andrew Pegson to come in," he said.

He met the expressive gaze of his secretary and smiled a little.

"Not that inventor chap from Boddawell, near Glas-?" inquired Graill.

"The same," said Richard.

"He'll be mad!"

"Hardly cordial, perhaps."

A little, sandy-whiskered, elderly man, in pepper-and-homespun, a soft hat, and with an umbrella under his arm, bounced into the office with a mien which illustrated the prophecy.

"Morning," he snapped, and halted a few paces from Richard, regarding him with fiery blue eyes.

"Morning," said Richard more leisurely. "Take a seat."

"No, thank ye. I prefer not. I'll no' be beholden to ye for any favour, either great or small, Mr. Selby. I'll say what I have to say to ye standing."

"Right-o," said Richard, imperturbably. "Fire away, then."

"Ye'll no' be surprised, first of all, to hear that my opinion of ye is that ye're a thief, Mr. Selby."

"I'm seldom surprised at anything," said Richard. "Ye know what I refer to. Ye'll know what's brought me down here. Pertness won't help ye, let me tell ye, Mr. Selby. I've come here to tell ye first what I think of ye. Before I've done, the whole of your town of Moulden shall know the kind o' man ye are! I'll show ye up! I'll expose ye! Ye sha'n't rob man and go scatheless, Mr. Selby, d'ye hear that? I'll make an example of ye. I'll——"

"If you could curtail the repetition and come to the point, we should get along very much faster," said Richard.

The little man paused and glared, then hitched his umbrella tighter under his arm.

"Ye're verra clever-r," he snapped, burring his r's dramatically, "but ye'll no' escape the length of my tongue, nevertheless. It's four months now since ye first called on me at my works in Boddawell.

"Then ye spoke me verra fair. Ye owned ye were no' in the nail-making business yourself'—chain-making was your line and chain-making you'd stick to—but that you'd heard of my newly-patented nail-making machine, and, being an inventor yourself of sorts, you'd just looked in for a tribute to a clever idea.

"Oh, I admit I was taken in. I showed ye what ye asked, and talked more than was safe or sensible in the light of what afterwards happened.

"For what did ye do? Ye went away—ye spy! Ye snake in the grass! And the next I hear is there's a nail-making machine of *yours* on the market, better than mine, so they say, cheaper in its cost of production though a little higher in cost.

"I'm no credulous of all I hear, and the brag about security is rank nonsense. But that's not the point. The point is that ye used guile to rob me of the fruit of my industry. Ye came and stole my ideas, and took them away and amplified them, and the result is I'm a poor man when I ought to have been a rich one—aye, a rich man comparatively, where I might have been a millionaire."

He was silent from sheer shortage of breath.

"Ye've never even made acknowledgment for my ideas," he snapped.

"Done due," answered Richard laconically. "I saw your invention, admittedly. I also derived help from it—that's likewise admitted. But not the sort of help you probably imagine. It taught me—not how to make a nail-making machine, but how *not* to make one. It was an object-lesson in the crudities that should be avoided.

"You've spoke straight out from your throat, so have I to you.

"When I entered your works that day I had no notion in my head that I should eventually go one better than you in this invention over which you're disputing. My visit was a friendly one, actuated, as I told you, by an all-round interest in every new idea in machinery."

"Ye'll no' get me to believe that," declared Mr. Pegson, rocking on his heels.

"That you talked so freely," continued Richard unruffled, "was because you knew yourself to be fully protected by patents—a fact true then and true to-day.

"Far from being an infringement or copy of yours, my machine does not resemble it in the remotest particular. It is *automatic!* It emanated from a vision of what a machine would be like made in exact contra-distinction to yours. It is the outcome of an inspiration, as no doubt yours was in the first place."

"That doesn't rid ye of the accusation of gaining information under pretence of friendliness," said Mr. Pegson.

"Maybe not," agreed Richard calmly. "But I've never yet deliberately shut up my brain-box, and I never shall. If I go to a machinery exhibition, every showman there is willing and eager to describe to me his firm's productions and to point out the merits of the patented parts. He talks to me in the same spirit as you and I talked. If, subsequently, it should happen that I beat him on his own ground, does he grumble?—does he accuse me of treachery? Have I taken an underhanded advantage of him? Bosh, my dear sir! If any stranger coming into my works desires to see my various inventions, I show him them, and if when he goes home he finds he can improve on them, then let him, I say!—and good luck to him! He's teaching me what I lack!"

Mr. Pegson took a step forward, his Scotch blood burning at the thought of being worsted in argument.

"Ye've the straight and downright way which goes down with a-many bodies," he said, and his whiskers bristled, "but it doesna deceive me! Ye've bested me, Mr. Selby! Shamelessly and brazenly bested me!"

"I have," agreed Richard, with cheerful unconcern. "The whole of my conversation up to the present has been directed to attesting that circumstance."

"By Jingo!" breathed Mr. Pegson. "Ye're an impertinent man, Mr. Selby."

"An impatient one," said Richard. "Mr. Pegson, I can spare you a further two minutes. If you've anything more to say, spit it out!"

"Why did ye interfere in a trade which wasna yours?"

"Because the invention was worth money, primarily. Because you had decided on limiting your invention to your own use—declining to hire out the machines to other makers in the trade who would have paid you a handsome royalty on them, so that *their* prospect was one of early attenuation and extinction. I don't grumble at the ambitious plan, personally—so long as it can be accomplished successfully. I've done something of the same thing myself. But then, another man didn't come along with a better chain-welding machine.

"I did come along in your affair, you see, and naturally your competitors were very glad of the opportunity of hiring out a machine superior—it is generally recognised—to the one that you've invented. There's the case in a nutshell.

"If your machines can't turn out the goods sufficiently economically to compete with the aforesaid rivals, then you'd better adopt mine, and I'll gladly quote you terms at this moment if you desire to hear them."

Mr. Pegson could not immediately find his voice. He indulged in spasmodic movements, and ultimately grounded his umbrella, leaning on the handle with working hands.

"Your machine superior to mine!" he said, ultimately. "I'll no' believe it. It's worse; it's no' a patch! I'll defy ye to show it to me! I'll dare ye——"

"Haven't you yet seen it?" interposed Richard, in slight surprise. "At any of the local nail factories——"

"They'll no' let me see one."

"Ah! Well, I've a couple rigged up—models—in one of the workshops. You can inspect them with pleasure—pull them to pieces if you like. But build

them up again. Graill, take Mr. Pegson down."

With an abruptness which in itself constituted a snub he sat to his desk and concentrated his attention on other matters.

Within half an hour Mr. Pegson followed Graill into the office again. His lips were shut tight, his eyes glittered unpleasantly.

"I'll wish ye a verra good-day, Mr. Selby," he burred, standing some little distance in the room. "Ye're a clever mon—undoubtedly a clever mon. Perhaps some might say, a little bit too clever."

He went out softly.

Richard went on with his work.

"Venomous little rat!" ejaculated Graill, with feeling.

"Did he dismantle either of the machines?"

"No, but he examined them pretty thoroughly."

"About this contract for short-link——"

"I'll swear he's dangerous," added Graill, as a final comment before dismissing the subject.

That week a fitter in the engineering shop of Richard Selby's works in Moulden resigned his job, having received an uncommonly advantageous offer from a place named Boddawell, near Glasgow. In his place the foreman took on a clean-shaven, thin-featured, elderly little man, recommended by the resigning employee, who proved to be extraordinarily skilful at the various branches of his trade.

It happened that a few evenings later Richard was working late in his office—a habit of his which recent married life had not entirely eradicated—and the only person left on duty in the works was the gatekeeper, who merely awaited his departure before closing the premises for the night.

Shortly before ten o'clock a light sprang into existence in the dressing-room contiguous to Richard's office—a proof that he was making ready to go.

Above the rush of water into the wash-basin Richard heard a stealthy sound, and, turning, he saw that a man had entered the room and was quietly locking the door.

In spite of the working clothes and the absence of a beard, Richard recognised him instantly as Pegson! Also, a glance at the wide-open starting eyes told him that for the present, at any rate, Mr. Pegson was not wholly responsible for his actions.

With a quick, sure aim the little man flung the key of the door through the small open window into the yard below, and then, meeting Richard's eyes, he gently smiled at him.

"That finishes ye, Mr. Selby," he said, with soft, gloating satisfaction. "If ye're anything of a prayerful man ye'll maybe offer up a prayer now, for surely and faithfully ye'll be dead inside two minutes."

Richard reached casually for a towel and proceeded to wipe his hands. He was thinking rapidly. The prospect of being attacked in an isolated room by a man not half his size, though aided perhaps by the strength of dementia, was not one greatly to intimidate him.

"This is odd news," he said. "About as odd as your sudden appearance. I'd like to know how you managed to get into these offices at this time of night."

"I've been working for ye for the past ten days, Mr. Selby . . . . *biding my time*. No, I'm no' going to lay my hands on ye. Ye'd prove too strong, and I've got a better way of revenge. Hearken to it, for I've no' the desire that ye should go into eternity ignorant. I'd like to see your death anguish first."

He rubbed his palms softly together.

"In the machine shop I've placed a charge of dynamite powerful enough to blow you and me and the whole of your works sky high. The fuse is lit. It was lit four minutes ago, and there's about one minute left to ye, Mr. Selby—one minute at the most.

"No; ye'll no' get out that way"—for Richard had crossed swiftly to the small barred window and was looking out—"and the lock o' the door is a mortice lock, too powerful for ye to break open in the short time remaining. Ye'll no' invent any more machines, Mr. Selby; rest assured of that!"

Richard swung round with the white showing all round his eyes.

"It's a lie," he hissed.

"It's truth. Damn ye——" and the little man broke out into a paroxysm of shrill oaths and revilings.

Richard advanced upon him with a terrible face, his arms upraised; but he controlled himself, realising the futility of retaliation. He tried the door . . . . putting forth all his strength, and tore the handle clean out. He returned to the window, shouting:

"*Ray-mond!*"

"The gatekeeper's no' there," said Pegson, [illegible] ling. "I told him his wife was ill and promised [illegible] come up here to acquaint ye."

For a moment Richard stood absolutely rigid. [illegible] hands were locked round the iron bars, his head [illegible] craned forward as he stared out fixedly into the [illegible] of the yard.

"You said a minute?" he inquired in a curious level voice.

"Seconds now, Mr. Selby," and the other suddenly grew white.

Richard turned. His face was perfectly calm. In his eyes only was a light which revealed his feelings; and it was the light of a great courage.

"We can do nothing, then," he said simply.

And he stood expectantly waiting.

The moments dragged on.

"Oh, my God!" shrilled Mr. Pegson suddenly. "What have I done?"

"Ssh! . . . " said Richard.

"I've murdered you. I——" the voice sobbed down to a whisper. "Mad! mad! I was mad! Oh, God . . . . "

Then silence.

"It's a long time," said Richard.

They stood looking at each other intently.

"Was it a five minutes fuse?"

"Yes."

"If it is any good to you to know it, I [illegible] you," said Richard.

Pegson winced and sank shuddering to his knees. "I canna bear it," he moaned, and covered his face with his hands.

Lines appeared on Richard's face. "I wish it would make haste," he muttered.

He stood racking with an increasing agony. "*My God!*

"The fuse must have gone out," he said. "I must have done."

With a quick savage jerk of his whole frame he began to attack the hinges of the door with the turnscrew in his pocket-knife.

Two minutes later he had freed the lower one, and wrenched the door down and was breathlessly running downstairs.

In the yard he hesitated, panic urging him [illegible] But exercising an iron effort, he turned into the [illegible] shop and switched on the electric light.

The fuse was still burning. He could see the [illegible] like smouldering line. . . .

"Lord God!" he said, as he stamped it out.

He heaved with a great breath of relief and looked at the door where Mr. Pegson was standing, ashen and trembling, a broken, aged man.

"You followed then?" said Richard.

"I couldna run away and leave ye—I *couldna!*"

"You're brave," said Richard briefly, and [illegible] for that reason alone he forgave him his evil [illegible] He put a firm hand on his shoulder and pointed across the yard.

"Go!" he said.

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—EDITOR.]

BIOSCOPE FAKES.

The means by which some of the apparently impossible effects are obtained in bioscope pictures are interesting, and in most cases they are surprisingly simple.

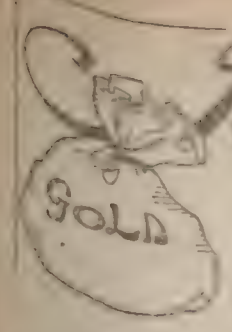
For instance, a popular photograph shows a burglar swarming up the perpendicular side of a house. This is done by laying a "property" wall, in reality a [illegible] cloth, flat on the ground, and photographing it from above as the actor crawls with every pretence of caution [illegible] Thus the requisite effect is shown in the picture.

In another picture you will see a fish flying out of a stream into an astonished angler's hands. This is done simply by throwing the fish *into* the water, and reversing the film. Thus the fish appears to be coming out instead of going in.

It is by reversing the film that a wall is made to build itself, apparently. What is actually done is to have a continuous photograph taken while somebody pokes the wall down from behind with a pole, brick by brick. Then when the film is reversed, the bricks appear to jump up one after the other.

A motor-car running in a zig-zag along a broad road is done by photographing it with a camera on a swinging pedestal, so that it is taken from each side in turn.

Business is Business



KEEPING FRESH.

A BUSINESS NECESSITY.

Whether he be an employer or working for someone else, the business man must keep himself fresh. For his own physical comfort he will endeavour to keep himself healthy, but he must also keep his business instincts fresh, and this is best done by an occasional change of work.

I do not suggest that he should throw up his job and find another, but he should take up some branch of work that has hitherto been done by others.

The difficulty of tackling it will be sufficient to stimulate his interest, and he will be pleased to find that the day's work has gone pleasantly and quickly, whereas previously it was hanging fire.

Even to alter the position of the furniture in your office will help to stimulate you, because the room will seem different, and the change will make your mind more alert.

It is always wise, so far as possible, to avoid routine. Most business men take their mid-day meal at the same place every day, but it pays them to patronise some other establishment occasionally, and to seek some other common for lunch.

[illegible] to start the day's labours a quarter of an hour earlier affords a change, and the fifteen minutes extra seem to put one in hand with the whole day's work.

When the mind is fresh and alert it is ready to seize opportunities, and that faculty is the one that makes all the difference between the man who is successful and the man who merely jogs along.

As sound physical health reflects itself upon the mind, so does an alert and fresh mind have an effect upon the body.

Where a man is bright and getting through his work the stuffiness and even unhealthfulness of his surroundings does not affect him to the same extent as these things would if he felt tired with his work and bored.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the knowledge of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

'WARE "CAN-PACS."

The liquidation seems to continue in all markets on the Stock Exchange, and the financial panic in Berlin on Saturday, the 9th, caused certain stocks to slump, especially Canadian Pacifics, which fell from 230½ to 224½ on the day. The continuous fall in these shares must have proved pleasant reading to operators who follow the tips in this paper; as I have consistently predicted a much lower price for "Can-Pacs."

At the time of writing the price is 227, which is still much too high, and, Morocco or no Morocco, I expect the price to go back to 200 before long.

Trunks have fallen in the prevailing panic, but not to anything like the same extent as Canadas, and the investor need not hesitate to buy Trunk Thirds round about the present price.

AMERICANS.

These show little change on the week, although alterations in prices which have taken place are downwards.

HOME RAILS.

[illegible] have been decidedly weak on the account, and a few of sound dividend-paying stocks in this market look cheap to the genuine investor.

MINES.

Prices in this section, especially in Kaffirs, have also shown a considerable decline, and, although the investor may find some good bargains in the Kaffir, Rhodesian and West African markets, he must be careful to pick and choose, as there are still plenty of shares quoted far above their intrinsic merits.

OIL AND RUBBER.

The Premier Oil and Pipe Line accounts for the year ending March 31 are disappointing, in so far as no additional dividend has been declared, but the profits seem only to be held up through the delay in settlement by the buyers of the oil produced.

The Rubber Market keeps wonderfully steady, considering the universal fall in prices in other markets, and any increase in price of the raw material will be followed in the shares.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. W. W. (Port Talbot).—In my opinion it is not.

W. HOLT (Borough).—I do not think you will have any difficulty in getting your money—if you win.

"PURPLE" (Wolferton).—Keep your holding.

"DAVIS" (Lydart).—I think you might see better prices before long, but it could do no harm to sell half of No. 4, on which you have so good a profit, and average No. 1 with the proceeds.

F. G. D. (Deal).—I do not like the suggestion.

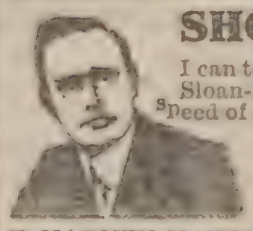
"PRETER" (Girvan).—Canadian Pacifics were marked ex dividend on the last account day—*i.e.*, August 31.

O. R. (Earlswood).—Sell Nos. 3 and 7. The others are likely to improve.

M. H. (Knottingley).—I should advise you to keep the shares well covered; it may take some time, but they are bound to come back to your price.

H. D. (Mirfield).—I cannot account for the present weakness; intrinsically they are worth quite what they cost you. I should not sell.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.



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SPORTING STORIES.

EXPLAINING THINGS.

The chauffeur was pumping up one of the tyres of his car, when the usual yokel, who on these occasions seems to spring from nowhere in particular, came up and watched him with interest.

It's always interesting to watch someone else working.

"Hast thou got a puncture, mister?" he inquired at length.

"Not at all, my good fellow, not at all," said the shuver. "I'm only changing the air in the tyres. You see, the last lot's got used up."

FAIR PAYMENT.

"'Ere," said the jobmaster, "what the blazes is this? 'Arf-a-crown? And you've had that horse out for a good two hours!"

"That fact I shall not dispute," replied his customer, "but I've been on his back for not more than ten minutes."

THE LATEST.

"This," said the shop assistant, "is quite the latest thing out, madam."

"If it's later out than my husband," she answered, "I'll take it just as a curiosity."

SQUARING THE ACCOUNT.

The guard had told the passenger very frankly that he was not a walking encyclopædia, neither was he a general information bureau.

The passenger sought his information elsewhere, but he remembered the guard's curtness.

That evening his opportunity came. The air was chilly as the train drew up at a sleepy country station.

"Guard!" whispered the passenger, as that official passed his window. "Would you like to take a nip?"

The guard glanced furtively up and down the platform, and, seeing that the coast was clear, approached the carriage window.

"I'd have no objection, sir," he said confidentially. "It's very kind of you."

"Right you are," said the passenger. "Take it out of this."

And he produced his ticket.

THE LAST VESTIGE.

The man who entered the barber's shop was quite bald, except for a scanty fringe of hair just below his hat.

"Hair cut, please," he said to the assistant, adding, "it won't be necessary for me to remove my collar, will it?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied the barber. "I don't know that you need remove your hat even."

THE PRIZE PATIENT.

There is a small town in Germany named Ham, and not far distant lived a worthy professor who undertook to cure stammering.

One day he was explaining the wonders of his method to a visitor and called up one of the patients.

"Where do you live, my lad?" he asked.

"Ham," was the ready reply.

"There you are," said the professor. "When that lad first came here he couldn't get a word out without——"

Just then the patient spluttered out "b-b-b-burg."

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(To be continued.)

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Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	[illegible]
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TRIALS OF A FOOTBALL TRAINER

HIS DIFFICULTIES IN DEALING WITH THE MEN OF HIS TEAM.

It is about eight o'clock on a dull and rather chilly morning, and a party of some fourteen or fifteen men assembled together on the almost deserted platform of a well-known industrial town close to London are inclined to be short-tempered.

They are players and officials of the Kickham United F.C., and they are due to play a First League match in a distant Northern town. This will mean travelling cooped up in a train for four or five hours—a prospect which is distinctly distasteful to a man who has so much natural vigour and animal spirits to expend as a highly-trained professional footballer.

WATCHING HIS MEN.

I confess I am feeling rather nervous, for I have got a good job; and when the team went down, 3—0, last week, the manager held out sinister hints that he thought their defeat was due to my faulty training.

It was Billy Padwick who let the team down last time. He couldn't last the pace. I had taken trouble with Billy, too. I can't make out what is the matter.

In the comfortable corridor-carriage the men recover something of their lost spirits. With newspapers and travelling-rugs spread over their knees, to act as tables, they produce packs of cards and enjoy themselves greatly. I am observing Padwick closely. He is not playing, and is obviously ill at ease.

At last an idea seems to strike him, and with clumsy pretence he mutters that his hands are "grooby," and he'll go and wash them.

THE SURREPTITIOUS CIGARETTE.

He shambles off along the corridor towards the lavatory, and I follow, just in time to hear the striking of a match and the unmistakable smell of tobacco coming through the crack of the door. (N.B.—Most footballers are allowed to smoke in moderation, but not on the morning of the match.)

"Put that fag out, Billy," I shout; and the surly answer comes back, "Oi wown't!" I am at my wit's end, for he has bolted the door. But an idea strikes me. "If you don't," I call back, "I'll stop your beer at lunch-time!" This is enough. The door opens, and Billy Padwick comes out shamedly, throwing away a newly-lighted cigarette.

The new system of paying players a salary all the year round, even during the months when they are not playing, makes the trainer's task far more difficult when the season starts. Under a system where a man was paid during the active period a salary proportionate to the value of his services, the player used to do some sort of need work during the summer, even though he had a nice little nest-egg in the bank. And thus he would turn up for training comparatively sound in wind and limb.

EFFECTS OF SUMMER IDLENESS.

But the salary-all-the-year-round system has totally different effects. The player is led to look upon himself as a man of independent means. He has enough to live on without work during the off season, and very often he will not work. Only too often his motto is, "I get my money through sport. It would be a pity if I didn't spend a bit of it for sport." An innocent enough idea, except for the fact that what a great many "pro" footballers call sport is simply excess in the matter of drink and in other directions.

Thus in an alarmingly large number of cases men come back to the team "crocked" in all sorts of ways—short of wind, with flabby muscles, bad digestion—in short, so unfit as to make the harassed trainer tear his hair.

"SOCCER."

KICK-OFF TIMES.

The time for kicking off at professional football matches is strictly laid down by the authorities. The following is the official time-table :—

September and October	not later than			3.30 p.m.
Nov. 1st to 14th	,,	,,	,,	3.0 ,,
Nov. 15th to Dec. 8th	,,	,,	,,	2.45 ,,
Dec. 9th to 31st	,,	,,	,,	2.30 ,,
Jan. 1st to 15th	,,	,,	,,	2.45 ,,
Jan. 16th to 31st	,,	,,	,,	3.0 ,,
Feb. 1st to 14th	,,	,,	,,	3.15 ,,
Feb. 15th to April 30th	,,	,,	,,	3.30 ,,

Kick-off time for mid-week and holiday fixtures, however, may be by mutual arrangement.

Clubs making a late start are liable to a fine not exceeding £25, whether the match is completed or not.

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The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

AUTUMN BOWLERS.

There will be no change in the style of bowlers this autumn and winter, and each man will be free to wear the type of bowler that best suits him.

There are many who do not sufficiently realise the fact that the shape of a bowler may make or mar your appearance. In some cases, a man looks best in a bowler that has rather a high crown. In other cases, a bowler with a small crown will suit him best. He should try on several different shapes and make his own selection.

All exaggerations in the style of a bowler are to be avoided, as they will not be found amongst well-dressed men.

Those with very large curling brims passed out of fashion some years ago, although they are still to be seen in certain quarters.

Those of which the brim is very small and sticks out quite flat all round have also passed out of fashion, although a modification of that style, with a brim that is only slightly curved, looks sporting, and is very becoming to most men, and particularly to those who are clean-shaven.

THE SIZE OF HANDKERCHIEFS.

For evening-dress and uniform, a comparatively small handkerchief is best, but where one is wearing an easy-fitting lounge suit, where there is plenty of room in the handkerchief pocket or up the left sleeve for stowing it away, I find a fairly large handkerchief more serviceable.

The one I am using at this moment is exactly twenty inches square. I have some which are a little over a foot square, but I do not like them so well.

As to whether your handkerchiefs should be hemstitched or not, that is entirely a matter for your own decision.

Handkerchiefs with fancy or coloured borders are less favoured than they were, owing to the fact that they have become cheap and common.

TOO MUCH CUFF.

Some men spoil their whole get-up by showing too much cuff. The cuffs should really be regarded as a sort of clean lining to the sleeves of the jacket. They should not show more than a quarter of an inch beyond it.

If you show too much cuff it gives the impression that you are wearing loose cuffs, a thing which no well-dressed man ever does.

Too much cuff may be the result of too long a shirt sleeve. If so, it is easily remedied by wearing a pair of sleeve-lifts just above the elbow.

FRENCH DARNERS.

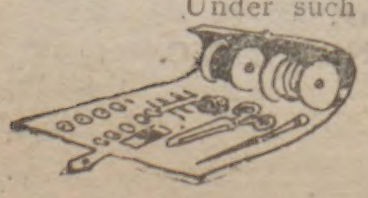
I think I have already mentioned the utility of what may be described as a new art, that of the French darners.

They are people who work chiefly for the tailoring trade, and it is their business to darn a hole in such a way that the mended part cannot be distinguished from the rest of the fabric.

If, for example, a piece of smouldering tobacco drops from your cigarette and burns a hole in a new jacket, that jacket would, in the ordinary way, have to be relegated to your "second best" stock, much to your disappointment.

The hole could be repaired by ordinary darning, but it would always be liable to show, and you would always be conscious of the repair yourself.

Under such circumstances, you should send the coat



DRESS IN THE "McKINLEY" Way

and you can always be confident that your appearance is right. The McKinley garments are made by expert London cutters and tailors in the best Bond Street styles. The McKinley materials are all genuine Scotch and English cloths of excellent make and quality. Yet the McKinley prices are far below those charged by other firms. Send for our Booklet "M.N." and learn how the "McKinley" system will enable you to dress better yet save half your tailoring bill.

SUITS (to measure), 25s. to 50s.
RAINPROOF OVERCOATS (to measure), 25s. to 45s.

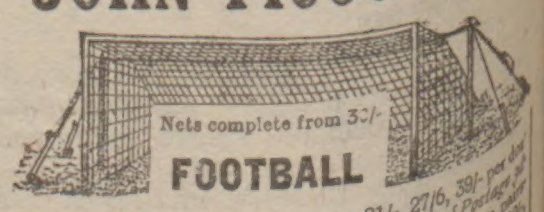
No Extras. Best Workmanship. Fit and Style Guaranteed.

We undertake to refund your money in full if we fail to fit you perfectly and give you complete satisfaction.

Together with our Booklet, we shall send you, free and post paid, our magnificent range of Spring Patterns, Fashion Plates, tape measure, copies of unsolicited testimonials, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart, which enables you to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. Write or call—

C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists
(Tailoring Dept.), 7, GRESHAM STREET (Opposite G.P.O.). LONDON, E.C.

FOOTBALL OUTFITS. JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd.



FOOTBALL

JERSEYS—1/11, 2/6, 3/6 each; 21/-, 27/6, 39/- per doz. (Postage 3d.)
KNICKERS—
White Swansdown 1/4, 2/2 per pair; 14/-, 24/- per doz. pairs.
Navy Blue Serge 1/4, 1/9, 2/9, 3/9 per pair; 14/-, 18/-, 31/-, 43/- per doz. pairs.
SPECIAL BELTLESS KNICKERS. Postage on Knickers 3d.
Navy Serge, 2/3, 3/- per pair; 25/-, 34/- per doz. pairs.
White Swansdown, 2/6 per pair; 28/- per doz. pairs.
HOSE—1/-, 1/6, 1/11 per pair, postage 3d.
BOOTS—6/11, 7/6 (8/6 as sketch), 8/11, postage 3d.
FOOTBALLS—5/-, 5/9, 6/9 (8/11 as sketch), 9/9, 10/6, postage 9d.
SEND FOR FOOTBALL CATALOGUE, Post Free.
Address—(M.U.B.G. Dept), 117 & 118, CHEAPSIDE & MILK ST. E.C.

3/6 buys a NEW LIFE for that - - OLD SUIT

Pack up that wrinkled suit and send it to us with a Postal Order for 3s. 6d. In three days it will be returned to you, CLEANED, REPAIRED, and TAILOR PRESSED—looking almost new.

Our new Tailor-Process brings the clothes back to their original shape. It removes the signs of wear and cleans the material. It is superior to dry-cleaning process.

Send along the suit to-day. Carriage paid one way.
Repairs and alterations of every description.

The National Tailoring and Repairing Co.
144-146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.
Telephone—North 250. *Established 1900*

NO MORE BAGGY KNEES.

Price 5/9 Carriage paid.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.
I Save you 50%. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers.
Powerful steel crossbars, handsome Polished Oak, Plated Fittings. 7 days' approval. Length. Take 4 pairs. GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. *Further Particulars Free.*
Money returned if not satisfied. Unpolished Birch, 4/11.
H. CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London.

When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

back to the tailor who made it, and ask him to have the hole dealt with by a French darner.

These women, instead of mending the hole with something that nearly matches the rest of the cloth, extract threads of the actual material from the inside seams of the coat and with these they weave across the hole in exactly the same pattern as the surrounding cloth.

I had a coat treated by them, and when it returned I could not discover where the hole had been, although the suit was one with a fairly pronounced pattern, and although I knew approximately where I had burned the cloth. The charge was only one-and-sixpence.

I am not cracking up any particular firm, for there are now several establishments where French darning is done, and your tailor can get the repair executed for you.

BROWN TIES.

Brown ties should, as a rule, be kept for wearing with brown suits, or with suits of a mixture of colours in which brown predominates.

They do not look at all well with grey or navy blue suits, for they neither contrast with them nor harmonise with them. They simply clash.

I believe in a man keeping a good stock of ties, for if he has such they will last him for many years; and of the stock one may very well be brown, but he must exercise special care as to which suits he wears it with.

BUTTONS AND DRY-CLEANING.

Before you send a suit to be dry-cleaned it is wise to remove the buttons if these are made of horn. Porcelain buttons are not affected by the benzine used; but horn buttons lose their colour.

If a suit has been dry-cleaned properly, it simply looks fresh and almost like new, but if the buttons are of a light and bilious hue, such as no tailor would ever have attached to a suit, it is branded as having been dry-cleaned and you never like it.

When, however, you keep the buttons at home and have them sewn on again when the suit returns to you, this drawback is removed.

To
Messrs. The B. T. & R. Co.,
Great College Street,
London, N.W.

55, Cartwright Gardens,
London, W.

Gentlemen,

I am now sending by some post a navy Suit to be cleaned, repaired, and pressed. I am pleased to express my entire satisfaction with the wonderful improvement in the appearance of my Suit you returned last week.

It has arrived looking practically as good as when it first came home new from my tailor.

Enclosed P.O. 3s. 9d., kindly return this suit as soon as possible.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) E. ROBERTSON.

Hundreds of similar letters are received by us daily, which you are invited to inspect.

Have you a suit that is out of shape or shiny in places?

Let us take out the dust, the stains and grease-spots, thoroughly repair the suit, rework the button-holes, replace missing buttons, etc.

Carefully tailor-press the suit to its original shape, and send it back to you looking and hanging as well as when it first came home new from your tailor.

Our original process is scientific, imitated by a few, but equalled by none.

Convince yourself of the truth of this statement, and send your shabby suit along to-day with P.O. 3s. 9d. Within three days the suit will be returned to you, carriage paid, and if you are not perfectly satisfied with the result **your money will be returned in full.**

The British Tailoring & Repairing Co.,
34, 36, 38, & 40, GREAT COLLEGE STREET,
LONDON, N.W.

Tele.: North 2882 (2 lines).

You are specially invited to visit our works, when we shall be pleased to demonstrate to you our wonderful process.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

O. S. (Leeds) informs us that the pack drill to which the Leeds Rifles were submitted was not so severe as our correspondent represented, as the men were only dressed in marching order.

R. E. (Heaton).—The secretary of the Newcastle-on-Tyne MODERN MAN Club is Mr. G. H. Jeffryes, Ridley Cottage, Back Ridley Villas, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

J. S. (Ballina).—We can scarcely wonder at your being miserable, living as you say you do. As you work indoors in a stuffy atmosphere, you should certainly take your recreation out of doors, and not in a billiard room.

F. H. A. (Birmingham).—To comment on a case which is *sub judice* constitutes contempt of court.

A. S. (Nottingham) asks us whether THE MODERN MAN Clubs are anything like the Y.M.C.A. The answer is in the negative.

F. W. S. (Bradford).—If you won't let us print your name and address we cannot make the announcement which you desire in this column.

R. B. (Barrow-in-Furness).—As there are only two or three white hairs on the breast of the puppy they could be pulled out, one at a time, without causing him pain.

J. J. R. (Dublin).—We don't know anything about that sort of thing. Ask your sister.

L. W. (Salisbury).—Give up the idea. As we have already said, the stage is overcrowded, and as you appear to have a comfortable and fairly lucrative job we think you would do well to stick to it.

M. G. S. (Seaford).—A billiard marker is the best man for you to consult. Unless you are an advanced player of the game you will not get much assistance from a billiard handbook.

J. N. (Preston).—For particulars of the examination for inspectors of weights and measures apply to the Board of Trade. We might mention that there are very few vacancies in this direction and many applicants.

G. T. B. (Blackpool).—The trouble of which you complain may be caused by shaving. Use a good antiseptic shaving soap, and keep your blood in good condition with plenty of exercise and fresh air.

N. T. (Winchester).—Write to the Commissioner of Police, New Scotland Yard, London, S.W., for full particulars as to how to join the police force, measurements, pay, etc.

F. C. (Dumfries).—It is not difficult to make a bookcase. You can buy the wood ready planed, and if you are fond of your books the job should prove a fascinating one. It would cost you less than you would have to pay for a ready-made one, and will be stronger.

E. B. H. (Blackpool).—We advise you to send the coat back to the makers, and not to attempt to re-proof it yourself.

P. T. L. (Oldham) informs us that he owes the enjoyment of his holiday to the companionship of a League member residing in the town he visited. This is but one of many such letters we have received, and is most satisfactory, as it proves that all our members are bent on carrying out the objects for which the League was formed. We advise all readers who are anxious to meet with congenial companions to join our League of sportsmen.

J. L. (Salop).—We advise you not to try to wear the boots. Sell them for what you can get, and buy the next pair the right size. If you wear boots which are too small and hurt you, you will always have trouble with your feet.

W. H. (Walthamstow).—Certainly money can be made at poultry-farming, but much money can also be lost, and if you know nothing about it but what you have learned from books we advise you to drop the idea.

J. L. C. (Salisbury).—Apply to your local postmaster, who will give you a form. When you have returned this to him duly filled in, you can rest assured that your letters will be re-addressed at the post-office to your new diggings.

D. G. (Leytonstone).—If you do a lot of travelling your portmanteau is bound to show signs of wear and tear and to become dark in colour. We do not see anything to worry about in the fact, however. Most men prefer their bags to look as though they have been well used.

R. Y. (Hythe).—As you are well advanced in years we think it would be folly for you to throw up farming and to seek a job in town. You would soon become discontented with the conventionalities of town life, and long for the freedom of the country.

S. V. H. (St. Helens).—All you need is a little more self-confidence, which is a very different thing from self-conceit. Remember that while you are hesitating and excusing yourself someone else is securing the coveted post.

A. H. C. (London, E.C.), **J. K.** (Manchester), **G. A. T.** (Barnsbury), **P. L. F.** (Stirling), **H. W.** (Seven Kings), **C. C.** (Blackpool), **C. C. L.** (Leicester), **J. C. V.** (Ontario).—Many thanks.

Magnificent New Competition
FOR "MODERN MAN" READERS.

EVERYONE WHO COMPLETES WILL RECEIVE A SPLENDID PRIZE.

Prizes Ranging from £10 to £1 10s. in Cash.

A Pair of Sandow's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells Free.

For Seven Days' Trial.

To secure a pair of Sandow's Famous Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells for seven days' free home trial, and full particulars of the most wonderful competition ever announced, which is open to every MODERN MAN reader to enter without entrance fee, and in which every boy, youth, man, girl, and woman who completes will receive a Prize, as announced above, it is only necessary to fill in and forward the coupon below as directed.

With every pair of Dumb-Bells is also sent Two Charts of Exercises, one showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, the other showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, woman or girl, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information, by following which every reader can not only prove his or her strength and general physique, but likewise safeguard and improve the health.

These Charts have been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of Dumb-Bells.

If, after using these Dumb-Bells for Seven Days free, you decide to keep them, send us a deposit of 2s. 6d., and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2s. 6d. per month, which only means the small sum of One Penny per Day.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells are now acknowledged to be the most perfect physical Appliance ever invented, and hundreds of thousands of pairs are in daily use in every country on the face of the earth. They are equally suitable for the delicate and strong; their resistance can be adjusted to the strength of the weakest, and increased as occasion arises. They are a complete Physical Culture Outfit for use in the home by any person at any age.

Simple Conditions of Remarkable Competition Now Available.

The user of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells quickly becomes as "fit as a fiddle" and as "strong as a lion," graceful in proportions, and dignified in carriage. You can put three inches on your chest measurement, and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the Grip Dumb-Bells a few minutes a day for three months.

There is nothing to pay to secure the Dumb-Bells; there is no entrance fee to the competition in which everyone is able to secure a prize.

Don't delay; fill in the form below and forward at once.

Room 39, Sandow Hall, Bury Street, W.C.

Date.....1911.

Gentlemen,—Please send me one pair* of your Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **12s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 14 to 18.

Ladies' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

FREE TRIAL.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

*Please Cross out Sizes not required.

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